

N.Y. Beach

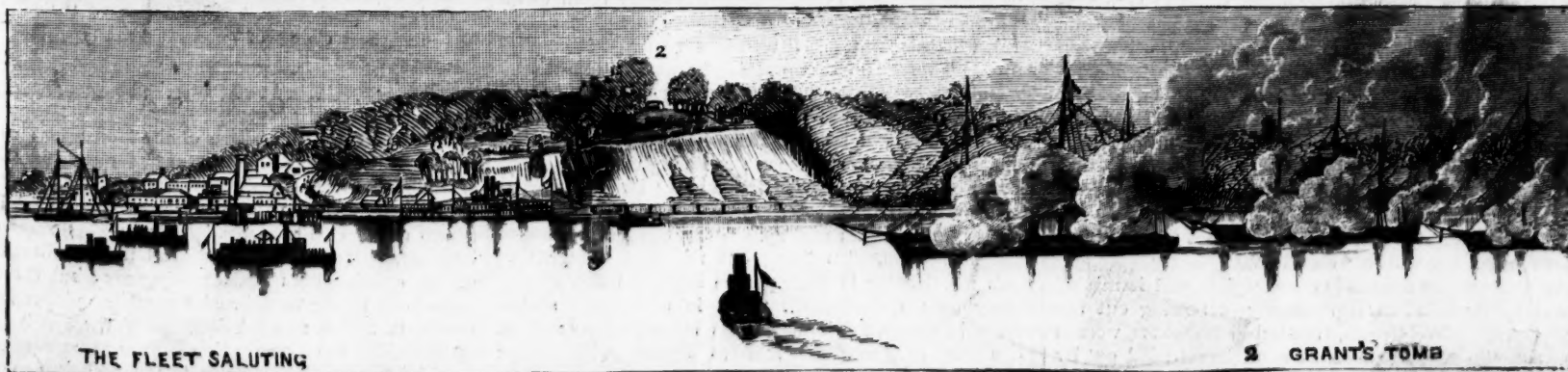
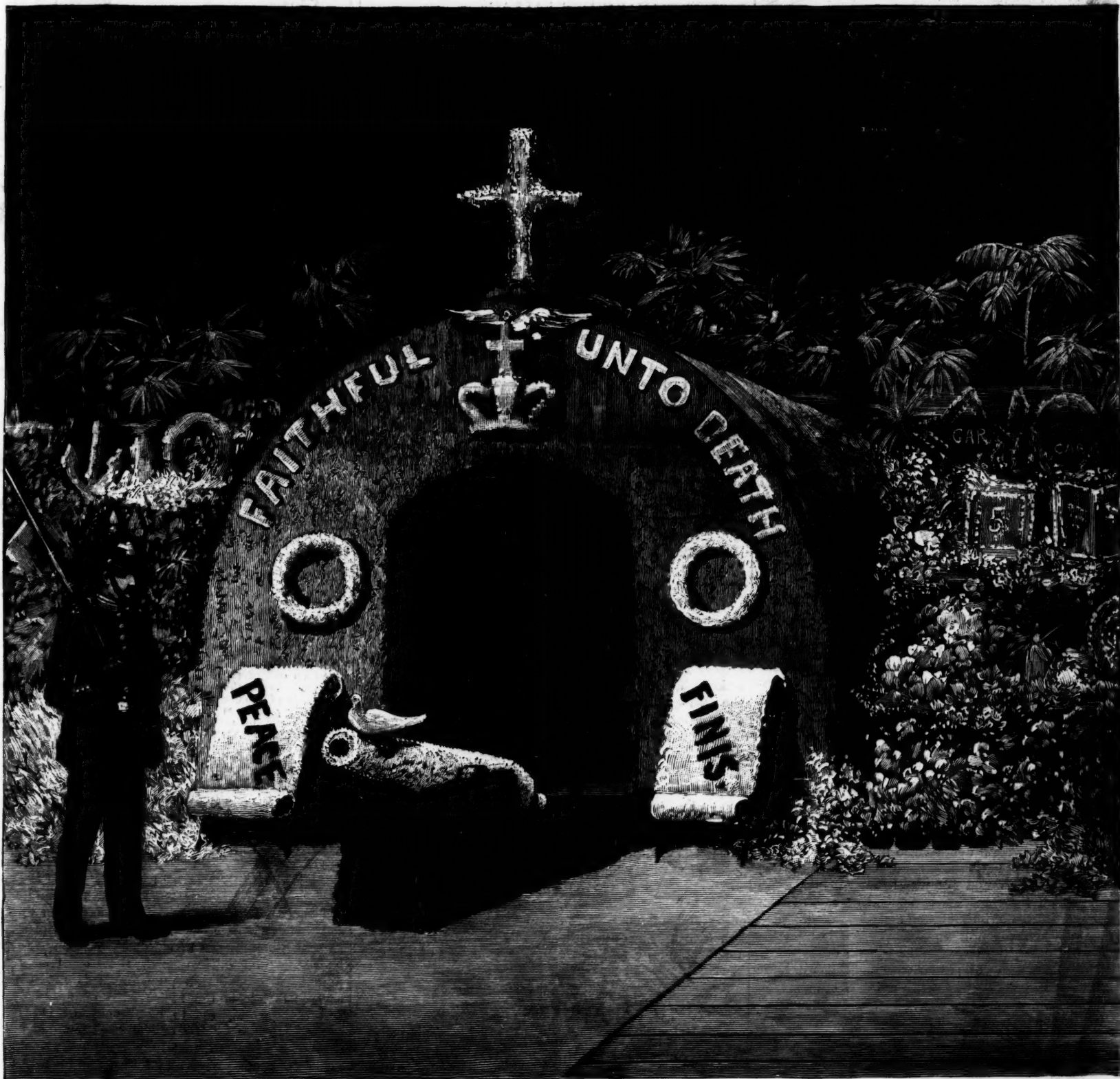
# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.—Entered at the Post Office, New York, N.Y., as Second-class Matter.

No. 1,602.—Vol. LXII.]

NEW YORK—FOR THE WEEK ENDING JUNE 5, 1886.

[PRICE, 10 CENTS. \$1.50 YEARLY. 12 WEEKS, \$1.00.]



THE FLEET SALUTING

GRANT'S TOMB

MEMORIAL DAY IN NEW YORK CITY.—DECORATION OF THE TOMB OF GENERAL GRANT IN RIVERSIDE PARK.

FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 251.



FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,  
53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.  
MRS. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, JUNE 5, 1886.

MR. POWDERLY AND HIS BIG FAMILY.

THE position of Grand Master Workman Powderly resembles that of a father of a family of boys, some of whom are impatient of parental restraint and determined to have their own way, though it lead to sure destruction. In his embarrassments he has the sympathy of the great body of impartial and thoughtful citizens, who hope for his success in controlling or guiding the organization of which he is the head, and in reforming the abuses which have brought reproach upon its good name. That he is a man of large capacity and broad and beneficent aims is generally conceded; but the task he has undertaken is beset with formidable difficulties, and whether he will prove equal to the emergency remains to be seen.

In his address before the special Assembly of the Knights in Cleveland, last week, Mr. Powderly very explicitly defined the attitude of the Order with regard to the great labor questions of the day, and in a measure outlined its future work. His declaration that the organization had grown too fast had already been emphasized at the opening of the convention by the formal exclusion of all delegates representing districts not formed or represented at last year's General Assembly. It was the duty of the convention, he declared, to check the too-rapid assimilation of discordant elements. Mr. Powderly deplored the dissension which had arisen between the Knights and the trade organizations, impairing the usefulness of both; yet he saw no reason why there should not be a common ground upon which they might stand shoulder to shoulder. The overburdening of the General Executive Board, and of the Master Workman personally, with a multitude of unnecessary cares, was forcibly dwelt upon, and propositions were made for the relief of that body. The most important duty of all, Mr. Powderly justly impressed upon the convention, was to put a stop to "unwise and unjustifiable strikes and boycotts." He acknowledged that the Order had, during the past few months, lost ground in the public estimation by reason of the many hasty and ill-considered acts of some of the district leaders, and that it could not stand the strain of many such conflicts as that to which it had been subjected in the Southwest. Not that the Order was responsible for all the petty troubles of this kind which had been laid at its door; but, nevertheless, a state of things existed in this respect for which the convention must devise and apply an effectual remedy.

At this writing, no specific action has been taken by the Assembly towards establishing the Order upon a more coherent basis, and there are some indications that several of the proposed reforms will encounter serious opposition. This is especially the case as to the matter of concessions to the trades unions. Whatever the Assembly may do as to this and some other subordinate questions, there is one subject upon which it cannot afford to make any doubtful deliverance—a subject upon which the public is not in a mood to be trifled with, and is far too alert to be easily deceived. There must be no compromise with boycotters, car-"killers" or ruffian violence in any form. Smooth words, vague in meaning, will not do. The breaches in the walls of the organization must be thoroughly mended, not merely covered from sight by "untempered mortar." The right of laborers to combine for their own protection against the unfeeling despotism of capital is all but universally conceded and respected; but if workingmen would not utterly alienate the sympathy on which their success depends, they must frown upon the measures of intimidation and violence of which Martin Irons is the representative. Unless he and his crew are throttled, the organization will go down under an irresistible weight of public odium. But we hope and look for better things, though we thus speak.

WOMEN AT COLUMBIA.

WHEN, a few years since, the question of admitting women to Columbia College was brought up before the Faculty, that august body found itself in sore perplexity. There were many and strong reasons in favor of their admission; but, on the other hand, such a step seemed to the conservative educators a dangerous innovation. The final result was, as might have been expected, a compromise, which fully satisfied nobody. Women were not admitted to the college proper, but there was marked out for them a course similar to that prescribed for undergraduates: they were given the privilege of examinations by members of the Faculty, and, if successful, they were presented, not with a recognized degree, but with a "certificate."

All this was not especially encouraging, and it might, indeed, be regarded as a polite way of bowing out the petitioners. Nevertheless, several ambitious women have accepted the privileges so grudgingly doled out by this venerable University, and within these limits the experiment of feminine fitness for a Columbia College

education has been for some time on trial. There are now over a dozen women studying the Columbia course, and one of them will be graduated this year. As to the way in which these women have acquitted themselves, there is emphatic testimony from President Barnard. In a recent interview he says: "Considering the difficulties under which women must follow such a course, and the fact that we offer them nothing in return but a certificate, their perseverance is surprising. What I have seen of the young women who come here to be examined, and of their work, confirms me in the position I took years ago in favor of the admission of women to the regular classes. The graduation essay of the young woman who finishes her course this year is a strong paper." When the President of one of our most conservative institutions of learning pronounces in favor of the admission of women as the result of actual tests, they cannot be much longer debarred from the best educational opportunities. President Barnard's testimony will count for something, even with the heads of other colleges where women are still denied admission.

ANARCHIST FALLACIES.

THE false assumptions on which Anarchy builds itself are substantially these:

1. That liberty means freedom from restraint—whereas, in fact, it means such a use of our powers that no one shall desire to restrain us, but that, on the other hand, the greatest desire shall be felt on the part of others to augment our ability. True liberty, therefore, is that expansion in our powers which is conferred on us by society naturally through its confidence in the judiciousness with which we accept all needed restraints and use all powers conferred.

2. That those who have no power to work, except as others hire them for wages paid, are the original and exclusive creators of all wealth, whereas the fact that their labor has to be created by the hope of wages shows that in all such cases the true creator of the wealth is the enterpriser who inspires in them the expectation of compensation. Without such an enterpriser they would rot in utter helplessness, as prone and dead as goods that find no purchaser. All that the wage-worker really causes in industry is the diversion of his wage from another to himself. All that he can justly effect when he stops work is the transfer of his wage to the man who takes his place.

3. That each capitalist's share per year ought to be the same as each laborer's share per year from the industry in which they are jointly engaged. Such a notion mistakes the true nature of the limitation on the capitalist. It is sufficient that nature limits the capitalist's power to consume wealth, and it does effectively, so that what he eats, drinks, wears and uses for shelter, makes and can make no larger deduction from the aggregate fund of society's earnings than is made by what the wage-worker eats, drinks, wears and uses for shelter. So long as the rich man's powers of consumption are absolutely limited to about the standard enjoyable in this country by all temperate and industrious wage-workers, it does not yet appear that society is interested in limiting his power of accumulation. Why should it be, since all the other uses which the rich can make of their accumulations are modes of dispersion, or forms of loan, and since the dispersion and the loan of the wealth of the rich are exactly what the poor most need?

Finally, the Anarchist theorist should remember that as law has not yet attempted to regulate the degree in which wealth should be accumulated by one, or missed or lost or squandered by another, the whole subject of the distribution of wealth is now uncontrolled by law, or, in short, is an-anarchic. Hence, more than all others the Anarchist should be satisfied with that phase of human affairs in which as yet the only principle that governs is that which, according to his intense and burning faith, should govern all human affairs. Anarchy now governs the distribution of wealth. Surely the Anarchist, of all men, should be satisfied with the workings of his own nostrum.

THE ART OF CONVERSATION.

THE Fine Art of conversation is little cultivated. Yet how much of positive value it lends to life! Of all the means by which one can give pleasure to another, this is the very best; yet, although it would seem to be within the reach of every one, there are few of us, indeed, who have ever taken part in a really good conversation. This realm of conversation would seem to be pre-eminently the woman's kingdom; and history tells of women who, by means of this rare art, have influenced whole periods and social states. Such a wide power is not accorded to every woman: in its highest expression, conversation is a gift rather than an art; but any woman may aspire to putting at ease every one who approaches her, and diffusing an atmosphere of bright and graceful thought around. To bring out the best thoughts of one's interlocutor is perhaps the highest touch of this dainty art; and, indeed, there is something almost divine in it when it reaches this stage: for to redeem from the commonplace and to inspire with loftier mood is a godlike rather than a human work.

Such an art is worth cultivating; but how? There is

no text-book of conversation, no method of talking prescribed in the schools. It is one of the things that must be learned by doing it. Yet we may set it down as a fundamental rule that, to converse well, three things are necessary: the first is sympathy, and the second is sympathy, and the third is sympathy. To go out of one's self, to meet those with whom one talks, not half-way, but clear upon their own ground; to lift the veil from their best thought—this is the secret of good conversation. It is talking, as Bacon tells us, which makes the ready man; but not all talking makes the ready conversationalist. Not monologue, nor talk in which the centre of interest is in the talker. There must be the clash of counter-interest, the friction of mind and mind, the shuttlecock play of words thrown quickly to and fro. Anthony Trollope lays down as a rule for novelists that conversation should be broken up into short sentences; that no one utterance should be allowed more than a certain number of lines. The rule holds good beyond the limits of the novel; short sentences, unencumbered by parentheses or explanatory clauses, are absolutely essential to true conversation. It is not politeness, but the nature of things, which forbids one speaker to monopolize conversation. Conversation ceases the moment talk becomes a monologue. A great man now and then, like Coleridge, may be permitted to do all the talking; but that is not conversation which he does, but something quite different, however valuable.

WHO IS GUILTY?

BEFORE the name of Jaehne becomes a mere memory it may be well to call attention to one phase of his case which cannot be too strongly emphasized. It is the fact that the rascality of this one man was made possible by a general indifference to the public welfare on the part of the citizens of New York city. When Jaehne was nominated for Alderman it was known that he was nothing less than a receiver of stolen property. Yet, despite his reputation, he was elected to a position of greater influence than many a prince or even king has occupied. This elevation of an unworthy man was accomplished by the efforts of the baser classes of the community, and by the acquiescence of the better classes. We do not believe that the majority of the voters in this commercial capital of the United States desire to intrust their public interests to such a body of men as are represented in the average Board of Aldermen. They desire honesty, economy, efficiency. But we see dishonesty, extravagance and general inefficiency dominant and prevalent, simply because of the indifference of those citizens who should incarnate their desires for good government in acts, and strive to bring all classes of citizens to their way of thinking.

Financial corruption is a most serious peril of the American state and city; and the peril consists less in the fact that certain officials can be bought and sold like merchandise than that gentlemen are willing to buy or sell them. In dealing with corrupt men, citizens who never think of themselves as corrupt are willing to employ corrupt and corrupting measures. The following illustrates and proves this danger:

"A gentleman described a meeting of a large corporation, at which one of the directors called attention to the fact that the property of the corporation was seriously threatened by the action of the Common Council of a certain large city. There was some discussion as to the means by which the threatened danger could be averted. After some debate one outspoken director said, in effect, that it was useless to waste words; that, as they all knew, there was only one way of meeting such cases, and that he proposed the appropriation of a certain sum of money to be used at the discretion of the attorneys of the company. Everybody present understood what this meant; it meant bribery, and nothing else. Two or three of the leading directors present were also leading men in business circles, in society, and in church life. They arose, put on their overcoats, and were about to withdraw. The presiding officer called them back for a moment with the question, 'What shall we do with this?' 'Well,' said one of them, 'I suppose our property must be protected.'"

It is the willingness of men whose word is supposed to be as good as their bond, and who would no more sell their official or personal influence than they would sell their right hand—it is the willingness of such men to buy the influence of aldermen, councilmen, mayors, legislators and other officials, that constitutes a most potent peril. Jaehne's punishment is not a whit too severe; but it is the indifference of upright citizens, and their willingness to be directly or indirectly instrumental in securing official decisions and favors by dishonorable means, that have created Jaehne and his associates; and, therefore, all who are thus responsible should feel that his sentence is, in fact, an indictment of their own methods—a condemnation of their infidelity to the highest claims of good citizenship.

THE ANTI-POLYGAMY AMENDMENT.

THE Judiciary Committee of the House, by an all but unanimous vote, has reported for consideration an amendment to the Constitution, making polygamy "unlawful in any place within the jurisdiction of the United States or any of the States." It is true that some others besides Mormons have questioned the constitutionality of the existing laws against polygamy; but these laws have been so far sanctioned by public opinion and the courts, that it is at least doubtful if there is any need of amending the Constitution in the way proposed. It would, however, do no harm to make assurance on this point doubly sure; and we hope the subject will receive



such attention in Congress as its importance requires. In some way it certainly should be made a legal impossibility for polygamy to gain any further foothold in this country.

It has been assumed, correctly, as we believe, that Congress already has all needful power to legislate against polygamy in the Territories; but we suppose it must be admitted that there is nothing in the National Constitution to prevent its establishment or toleration, by any State of the Union within its own jurisdiction. The Mormons, for instance, might abolish the institution in order to secure the admission of Utah to the Union as a State, and having accomplished that object, turn round and re-establish it. It is not easy to see how Congress could find a remedy for such a state of things. For this reason it might be well to adopt some such amendment as is now proposed; but care should be taken to make its phraseology such as to leave no room for litigation, and no loophole of escape for polygamists. The amendment proposed by the Judiciary Committee seems to us to be clumsily constructed.

#### A PECULIAR MONSTER.

TWO or three points are worthy of comment in connection with the remarkable murder case just tried in St. Louis. One is, that the proof of the guilt of Maxwell is complete and conclusive. Seldom has it happened in the history of murder trials in this or in any country that the evidence against the accused has been so overwhelming. It has been proven beyond reasonable doubt that Edward Preller was murdered by his traveling companion, Brooks, alias Maxwell, in cold blood, for the sum of seven hundred dollars, and that, with the money thus stolen from the murdered friend, Maxwell made his way to New Zealand. Many articles of personal property belonging to Preller were found in Maxwell's possession; the purchase of the chloroform and other agencies used in connection with the crime was traced to him; the handwriting upon a slip of paper inclosed with the dead body was found to be his; while the murdered man's money afforded him the only means of escape beyond the limits of the United States. Supplementing all this was a full confession of the whole crime by the murderer himself, made to a detective who was supposed to be a fellow-criminal.

The peculiar atrocity and brutal barbarity of this St. Louis hotel murder separate it from ordinary crimes. To take the life of a companion and fellow-countryman, under the disguise of doing him a professional service, is dastardly enough; but to cut his body into pieces and pack the bloody fragments away in a trunk, is a depth of horrible depravity which is rarely reached. In the interests of justice, the criminal should be executed as promptly as such monsters of crime are executed in England. Sympathy with such a wretch reveals an utter lack of moral perceptions, and is discreditable to all exhibiting it. The last of the many defenses set up for Maxwell—that he is an irresponsible crank—admits too much. Since Guiteau's crime and execution, public sentiment has demanded that such dangerous cranks shall be removed from all temptation to commit crime, by strangulation. Eccentricities which lead ill-balanced men to commit murder can be best cured by the application of hemp.

#### A FORGOTTEN FACT IN THE SOCIAL ORDER.

THERE is one important relation between the rich and the poor in this democratic country, which the present social complications may cause us to forget. It is the fact that in all political and many social advantages and privileges the poor man shares as fully as the rich man without charges to himself. The largest part of the taxes in the great cities are met by a very small proportion of all citizens. In Boston only fourteen per cent. of the legal voters contribute to the payment of the annual taxes on real and personal property. Eighty-six per cent. contribute only a poll tax of two dollars for each citizen. This is as it should be: property and wealth should pay the taxes. But let it be considered that throughout every State, each of millions of men for his poll tax of two dollars receives many and great advantages for which a few thousand citizens chiefly pay. For instance, the annual cost for maintaining each scholar in the public schools of New York is, as stated in a recent report of the United States Commissioner of Education, \$6.73. In Boston the annual cost is no less than \$27.90. It is easy to see that in the case of a Boston family of five children, each spending ten years in school, that family is receiving educational advantages from the city which cost the tax-payers more than one thousand dollars, but the cost to the family does not exceed the annual poll tax.

Furthermore, every citizen is in receipt of other advantages which are likewise of great worth and as freely bestowed as the privileges of the public-school system. The public library is open as generously to the child of one who pays an annual levy of two dollars as to the daughter of him who pays a tax of thousands. The expense of these libraries in many cities is large, in Boston being not less than \$100,000, and it is met quite entirely by the taxes on wealth. Indeed it may be said that the expense attending the administration of justice, and the protection of life from assault and from accident, is met by the taxes, not of the poor man, who has the full right to avail himself of these advantages, but of the rich man, who is no more benefited by them than the wage-earner. The public art-galleries, museums, hospitals and infirmaries are likewise open to all, and ought to be so open, but the immense cost of their equipment and administration is paid by the wealthy few.

We are neither finding fault with the poor men nor apologizing for the rich. We are simply endeavoring to state facts. We are merely saying that the large part of the educational and other municipal privileges which are open to every citizen are paid for by those who ought, and are able and willing, to pay for them—namely, the wealthy classes. In the wholesale denunciation which

is frequently made against rich men, this evident but overlooked fact should be so remembered as to mitigate the severity of these hasty judgments.

#### MIXED FARMING AT THE SOUTH.

THE more apparent development of the South has been in her manufacturing interests, but the same progressive spirit is telling in her agriculture. In the old days each planter had a commission merchant in the city, from whom he ordered his supplies, on whom he drew for money, and to whom he sent his cotton. The merchant charged commissions for buying and selling, as well as interest on advances. With poor crops or low prices, the planter quickly fell behind, and could do little more than feed his people and stock from the products of his plantation. Food at least was sure, but after the war the planters had little or nothing besides their land. They were obliged to start with borrowed money, and they gave themselves up to the cultivation of cotton because cotton brought the highest price. They raised nothing else, even buying their food. The result of this dependence upon one crop was inevitable. When bad years came the planters were obliged to borrow money at any rate in order to live, and they mortgaged everything they owned. It is said that at a very recent date the average annual interest paid by the planters of Georgia for being "carried" through the year was fifty per cent., and by those of North Carolina twenty-five per cent.

This is plainly ruinous, and there has been a strong effort to impress the evils of this system upon the farmers. The leading papers of the South, the prominent planters of the Carolinas and Georgia, and the National Cotton Planters' Association, have united to create a movement towards diversified farming. This effort, it is encouraging to learn, is meeting with some degree of success. Many still cling to cotton as the gambler clings to his game, and for much the same reason. If there is a rise in the price they make a hit, and this chance, together with the influence of custom, induces them to neglect corn and pork and beef for a possible fortune in cotton. And yet it has been abundantly proved that one-crop farming does not pay. It was proved in Kansas, where everybody rushed into wheat after one successful season some ten years since, and where many of the would-be wheat-raisers subsequently became dependent on charity, and others have taken to mixed farming, although Kansas is an excellent wheat country. It has been proved in the Northwest, and the South is now beginning to apply the lesson with reference to the raising of cotton. Of late more has been heard of the coal and iron interests and manufactures of the South than of her agriculture, but the possibilities of the South in this direction are equally great. It is simply a question of the wise use of great opportunities. It is not wise for the Southern planters to pin their faith exclusively to cotton and thus place themselves in the hands of usurers. The great advantage of farming is its independence; but the farmer who borrows money at ruinous rates to buy food on the chance of a lucky coup in cotton is not independent. Cotton may be the easiest crop to turn into cash and the easiest to borrow money upon; but in the long run mixed farming is more profitable than the one-crop system, and the progressive South of to-day will soon accept the fact that a dinner of herbs with independence is better than the stalled ox of the usurer.

#### ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

MR. GLADSTONE is still master of the situation as to the question of Home Rule for Ireland. At a general Liberal conference, which was held last week and was attended by the great body of Liberal members, he announced that he would modify the clause of the Bill excluding Irish members from Westminster, on condition that the measure shall be allowed to pass the second reading and be referred to a special committee for amendment and consideration during the Autumn session. The extent of the probable concessions is not stated; but it is understood that they will not prejudice the principle of the Bill. The announcement of the Premier's decision as to the controverted clause of his measure was followed by the immediate return of several influential Liberals to their allegiance, and there is no longer any room for doubt that the Bill will pass its second reading. Moreover, the danger of a serious split in the Liberal party will now be averted, and possibly by the Autumn the sentiment in favor of the principle of Home Rule may become sufficiently strong to compel the passage of an Act which will be satisfactory to the friends of Ireland. Of course, there are still some dangers to be overcome; there is always a risk in a compromise where vital principles are involved; but the graver perils have been mastered, and the Government policy will gain rather than lose by discussion and delay.

Considerable fighting has occurred on the Greek frontier during the past week, but at this writing all danger of a renewal of hostilities seems to have been removed. The commanding officers of the contending forces have made mutual explanations, and are now retiring from the frontier, while at Athens the situation has become altogether peaceful. It is expected that the blockade of the Greek ports will be raised immediately.

The French Chamber of Deputies, last week, voted urgency for the Bill of the Government proposing the expulsion of the royal princes, and has also appropriately referred a proposal to confiscate the property of former reigning families, and with the proceeds derived from its sale to endow a fund for aged and distressed citizens. Members of former reigning families who remain in France after being commanded to leave will be liable to a penalty of five years' imprisonment. The Radicals are not satisfied with the Bill, for the reason that it leaves with the Government the fixing of the date when it shall be put into operation.

If the best wishes of all the people can secure happiness to the bride who this week becomes the "first lady of the land," then her future will surely be without a cloud. As for the President, the first ever married in the White House, even the most "offensive partisan" will scarcely hesitate to invoke Heaven's choicest blessings upon the new relation upon which he now enters.

THE eight-hour system of labor, as operated in the stock-yard district, and some other branches of business in Chicago, is not all that fancy painted it. After a three-weeks trial, we are told, the workmen yearned for the good old ten-hour day again. The stony-hearted employers refused to change back, and the men then struck for "longer hours." They think it is a poor strike that won't work both ways.

It is estimated that the recent labor troubles in Chicago have involved a loss to the workmen employed in the building trade alone of over \$4,000,000. At the beginning of the season, there was every indication that the value of buildings erected this year

would reach \$25,000,000. Now it is estimated that the aggregate will not reach over \$15,000,000. In the City of Brooklyn the effect of the labor strikes is shown by the fact that the building permits for the first fortnight in May showed a decrease of 125 buildings and of \$607,358 in estimated cost from last year's figures. In the same city, the value of property conveyed during the second week in May was \$1,163,138 less than for the corresponding period of 1885. In many other cities the results of the needless derangement of the labor system have been equally disastrous.

Up to last week 1,635,000 copies of speeches delivered this session in the House of Representatives had been sent out from the House folding-room. This is 1,000,000 more than for the corresponding period in the long session of the last Congress, and the tariff debate is yet to come. These speeches were chiefly upon the silver, labor and pension questions, and it is safe to say that three-fourths of them were delivered for political purposes. Comparatively few were necessary or valuable. Congressmen should do more and talk less.

THE President deserves the thanks of the country for his prompt interposition of the Executive veto for the arrest of some of the many private pension grabs which have been sanctioned by Congress. It is to be hoped that he will show the same sturdy zeal for the public interests when the general pension Acts, involving the expenditure of untold millions, come before him. He cannot do a better service than to block the schemes of ambitious Congressmen who aim to secure "the soldier vote" by wholesale waste of the public treasure.

THE jury in the case of John Most, the blatant Anarchist, who was tried in New York, last week, on a charge of inciting to riot, found no difficulty in arriving at a verdict of guilty. The evidence in the case was conclusive, and any other verdict than that rendered would have been in contravention of the facts. Most pretended to be greatly astonished at the result, and he will no doubt be startled still more when he finds himself sentenced to a term of imprisonment for his offense against law and order. The Anarchist leaders, here and elsewhere, are in a fair way of learning that liberty does not mean license, and that men who incite others to violence are certain to be punished as they deserve.

A WHOLESALE slander that has everywhere—in all countries and during many ages—passed current as truth declares that a woman is prone to excessive volubility. Sometimes this statement has been sugarcoated by euphemistic softness of phrase; more often we find it reduced to the bald brutality that "a woman cannot hold her tongue." Neither gallantry nor boorish bluntness have anything to do with the facts in the case. The cataclysm of labor troubles in which the industrial interests of the country are still imperiled have taught many new lessons to all concerned. It was left for the army of 8,000 locked-out employees of the Troy collar and cuff factories to bring forth overwhelming proof that women can and do keep silent when there is any adequate reason for reticence. These 8,000 employees are women and girls, and during their difficulties with their employers they have refused to talk on the subject to outsiders, or to be interviewed by the reporters. This silence has been comprehensive, inclusive, and rigid, to every last woman and girl; thereby additionally proving that women can keep a secret, for it was impossible to get even a hint of what action they would take until they were ready to make official announcement of it. In respect of the silence of this 8,000, no less than in the perfect good order, good nature and good manners which characterized them during the lockout, an example is furnished that many striking laborers of the other sex would do well to imitate.

The Presbyterian General Assembly, South, has rejected, by an overwhelming vote, the theory of evolution which Rev. Dr. Woodrow has for some time past vigorously advocated in defiance of the decrees of the Church. In one or two of the subordinate Presbyteries, deliverances had been made, on technical points, in favor of Dr. Woodrow; but it was not until the General Assembly was reached that the question was considered in all its bearings. Here it was discussed for nearly a week, the evolution theory being attacked by some of the ablest divines of the South. Finally, the Assembly adopted, by a vote of 137 to 13, a report declaring "that man was created by an immediate act of Divine power, without any natural animal parentage of any kind, but of matter previously created of nothing; and that any doctrine at variance therewith is dangerous error, inasmuch as by methods of interpreting Scripture which it must demand, and in the consequences which by fair implication it will involve, it will lead to a denial of doctrines fundamental to the faith." This action of the Assembly will not, of course, change Dr. Woodrow's opinions, but it will probably show him that he has made a mistake in persisting in his occupancy of an official position in a Church whose doctrines he seeks to overthrow. If he believes in and chooses to advocate evolution, of course it is his right to do so; but being avowedly in revolt, he ought to be manly enough to carry on his contention from without, and not from within, the lines of the Church which has trusted and honored him.

THE fishermen of Massachusetts and Maine are practical people, and may be excused if hitherto, in buying bait and fishing for cod and mackerel, they have regarded traditional custom, without troubling themselves greatly about the construction of the international laws by which the industry is supposed to be controlled. But when the Canadian officers suddenly take to administering these alleged laws with apparently concerted hostility, the fishermen want to know just what their rights under the much-mixed treaties may be, and what can be done about the matter. Congress by no means keeps pace with their impatience in answering these questions. Secretary Bayard remains reticent in regard to the negotiations pending between the State Department and the Canadian authorities. The Senate amendments to the Shipping Bill, including the retaliatory measure moved by Mr. Frye, have been adopted by the House, and Congress is perhaps prepared to go further if necessary. Under this amendment the President is empowered to deny to the vessels of a foreign nation the privileges which a such nation denies to the vessels of the United States. Obviously this is but a superficial remedy. Such a course would involve great sacrifice on both sides, and the people of Nova Scotia do not want an international boycott any more than do our Yankee skippers. The affair will probably have to be straightened out once for all by a commission—notwithstanding the fact that a great many fishermen down East dread such a commission more than a shipwreck. It is a curious fact that one of the counsel for the Dominion in the pending fishery cases has been appointed a Judge of the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia, and it is quite possible that the case may be heard before him.



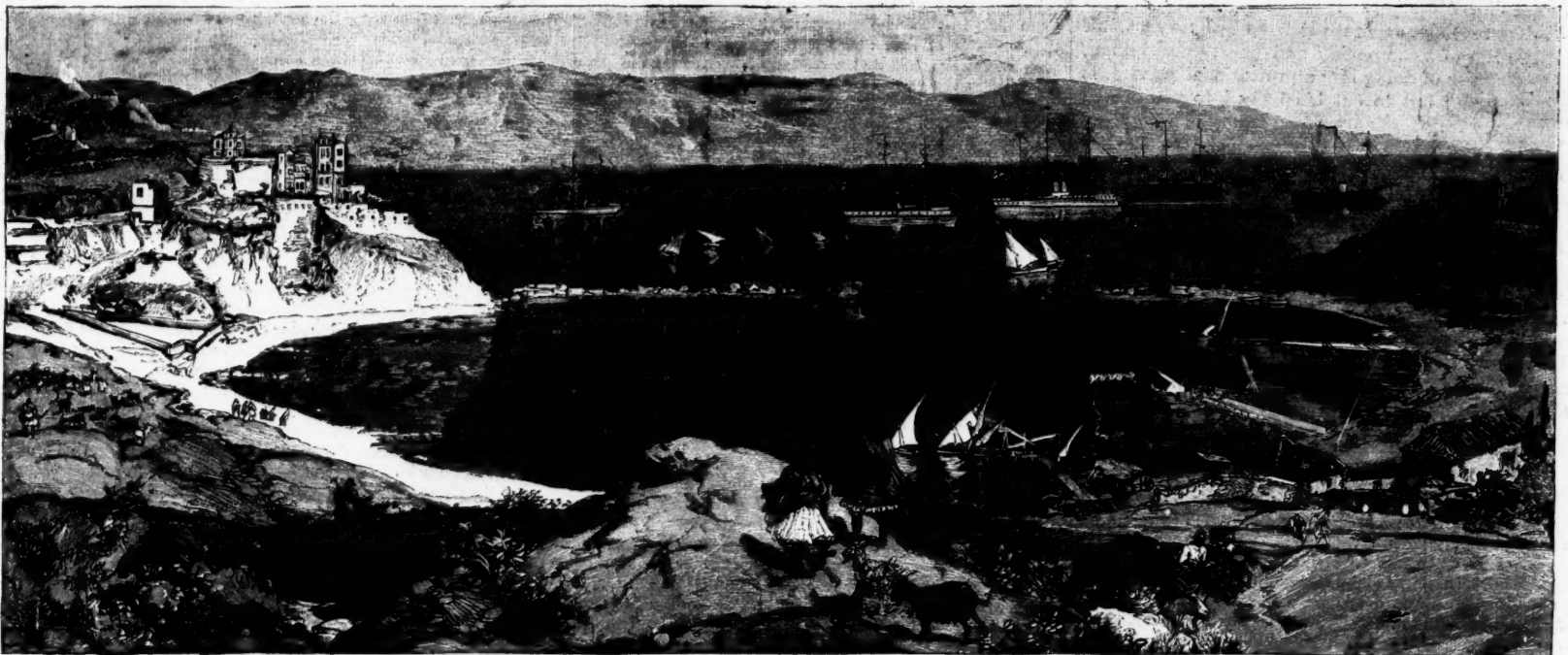
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 246.



GREAT BRITAIN.—QUEEN VICTORIA'S RECENT VISIT TO LIVERPOOL.  
TRIUMPHAL ARCH IN LONDON ROAD.



ITALY.—INAUGURATION OF THE LION OF ST. MARK AT VERONA,  
APRIL 25TH.



GREECE.—HARBOR AND ENVIRONS OF ATHENS, WITH VESSELS OF THE ALLIED FLEET ANCHORED OFF PHALERUM.



GREAT BRITAIN.—ENTRANCE OF THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION BUILDING AT EDINBURGH.



EQUADOR.—DON JOSÉ M. PLÁCIDO CAAMAÑO, PRESIDENT.



## TWENTY-ONE YEARS AFTER THE WAR.

ON April 3d, 1865, General Grant entered Petersburg as a conqueror. Ten months' siege had desolated the town, and grass grew untrampled in the thoroughfares. Wreck and ruin and death on every hand attested the fearful effect of the late bombardment. It seemed as if Time, the healer, could not for centuries cover the scars of those awful days.

Twenty-one years have elapsed since the end of the war. If now, while tender hands scatter flowers, as impartially as the Summer rain falls upon the graves of the blue and of the gray—if in

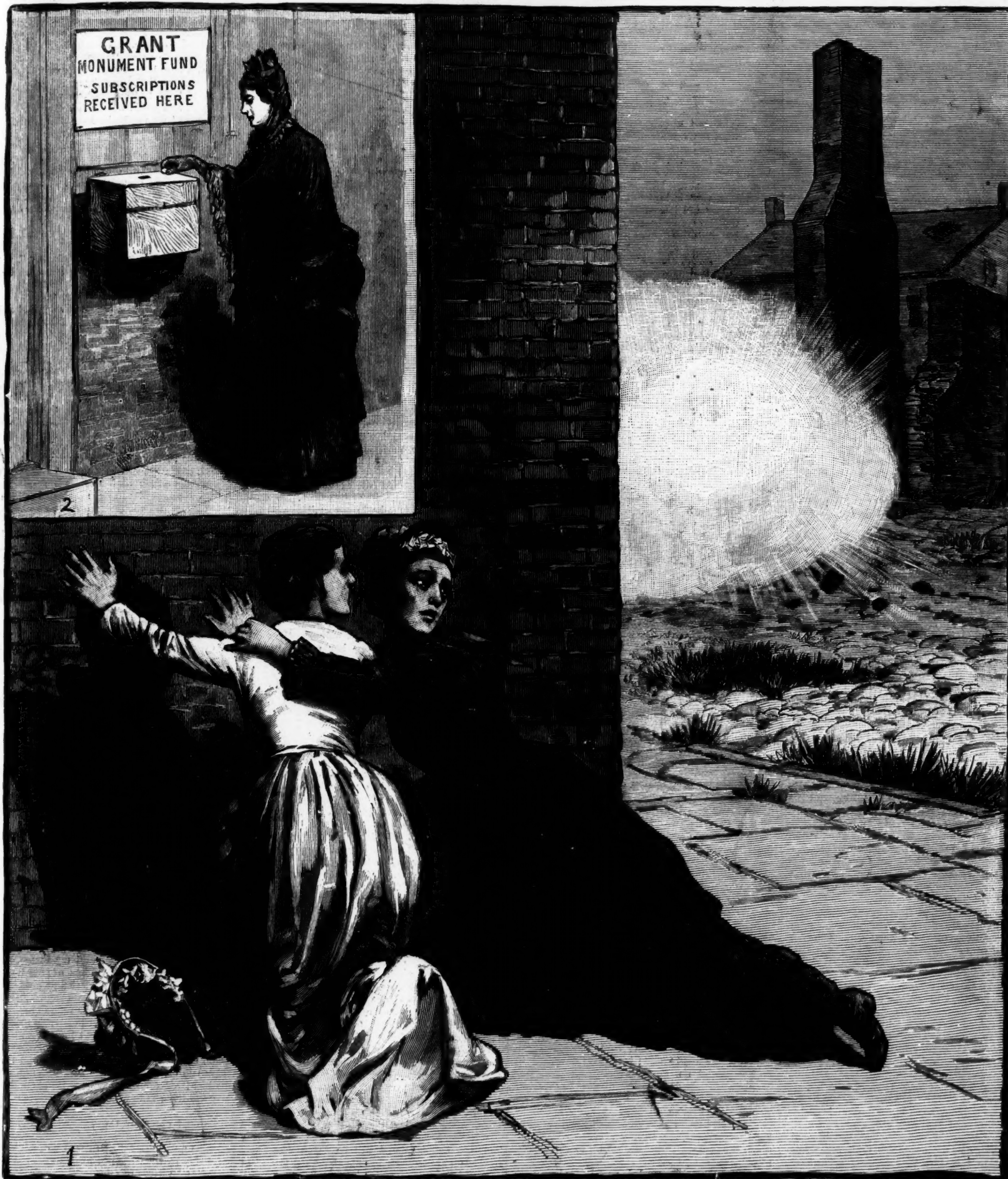
## KNIGHTS OF THE GOLDEN EAGLE.

THE Annual Convocation of the Supreme Castle, Knights of the Golden Eagle, took place at Odd-fellows' Hall, in Broad Street, Philadelphia, last week, beginning on Tuesday and ending on Thursday. This Order now extends over fifteen States, and numbers 15,000 members. In the morning the visiting Knights were received, addresses were made by Mayor Smith, Grand Chief C. G. Guion, of Pennsylvania, and others, and a business session followed. The grand parade, of which we give a picture, took place in the afternoon. Forty Philadelphia castles and twenty-one

wore swords, the belts trimmed with gold lace. The other crusaders and Sir Knights were attired in nearly similar uniform. On Wednesday evening the Golden Eagle May Festival and a hop, with exhibition drills and a banquet, were held at Belmont, in the Park.

According to the report presented at the business sessions, the treasury of the Order shows a surplus in cash and in securities of \$61,207.33. It was decided to have the ritual translated into German for the benefit of castles composed exclusively of members from that country. The officers elected for the current year are: *Supreme Chief*, H. C. Stout, Pennsylvania; *Supreme Vice Chief*,

ities was diverted by the capture of the Nova Scotia schooner *Sisters*, in the harbor of Portland, Me., on the 24th ultimo. Captain Ellis, the skipper of the vessel, had no manifest, and being unable to pay the fine of \$500 imposed by the law, the schooner and her cargo of 20,000 mackerel were taken in charge by the Surveyor of the Port. The Portland Fishing Exchange is likely to take the lead in a movement for the imposition of a new duty upon all fresh fish brought to that port in British bottoms. An armed fishing-schooner, the *Augusta Herrick*, is said to have left Boston for the fishing-grounds, with the intention of offering resistance in case any attempt



1. PETERSBURG DURING THE SIEGE IN 1865. 2. PETERSBURG IN 1886.

## TWENTY-ONE YEARS AFTER—A SIGNIFICANT CONTRAST.

these latter days, the survivors of the struggle revisit its scenes, they may behold the old forts covered with waving grass, the battlefields with ripening grain, and the crater of the deadly mine a mossy hollow filled with flowers. Ay, and more than this: in the streets of Petersburg, attached to houses that still bear the marks of the bombardment's shells, hang boxes to receive contributions to the Grant Monument Fund, and into which many a widow ungrudgingly drops her mite.

What a triumph for the human heart, in these two contrasted scenes, which the artist has so truthfully and sympathetically portrayed!

from other places, representing the entire Order, marched in line on Broad Street to Girard Avenue; then countermarched to Christian Street, to Chestnut, to Fifth, where the line was reviewed by the Mayor; thence to Market, to Broad, to Industrial Hall. There were forty bands of music. The various castles, marching in crosses and geometrical figures, with military precision, presented a very showy general appearance. James B. O'Neill acted as chief marshal. The aides-de-camp were on horseback. The officials and members of commanderies wore black uniforms, with black chapeaux trimmed with rosettes, gold cord and large white or tinted plumes. They also

Thomas Birchell, Delaware; *Supreme Sir Herald*, J. D. Barnes, Pennsylvania; *Supreme Master of Records*, William Culbertson, of Pennsylvania; *Supreme Keeper of Exchequer*, Timothy McCarthy, Pennsylvania; *Supreme High Priest*, R. Emory Ennis, Maryland; *Supreme First Guard*, Joseph Chester, New Jersey; *Supreme Second Guard*, P. Robinson, Massachusetts. The next convention will be held in Brooklyn, in May, 1887.

## THE FISHERIES TROUBLE.

The excitement caused by the seizure of the *Adams* and the *Doughty* by the Canadian author-

is made by a Canadian vessel to seize her. The Canadian Government is fitting out six steamers and six schooners "to protect the Canadian fisheries." Little haste, however, has been made in getting these cruisers ready, and it is thought that further action will not be taken until the result of the *Adams* case shall be determined. In London, the fishery dispute appears to be regarded with languid complacency. The *Times* assumes that a commission is to be appointed and a new treaty arranged. "It appears probable," this journal says, "though not certain, that Canada has the law upon her side, but it can scarcely be doubted that she has revived claims long dormant."



## CONVINCED.

"Now tell me, dearest, truth for truth—  
I sometimes fear you may have known  
In boyhood, or your earliest youth,  
Another girl you called your own."

"Forgive me if I seem to lapse  
From perfect faith—that is not it!  
I only wonder if, perhaps,  
You ever loved, a little bit!"

He thought of Kate, whose brilliant mind  
Once gave to life its keenest zest;  
He thought of Maud, whose hair had lined  
The left-side pocket of his vest.

He thought of Lillie, Nell and Sue,  
Of gentle May, of saucy Nan,  
And then he did as lovers do,  
And proved himself a truthful man.

With injured air and mournful eye  
He sadly turned away his head:  
"If you can think—" she heard him sigh.  
"Oh! no—no—I don't!" she said.

M. S. BRIDGES.

## A TIMELY WARNING.

BY LAURA BLAKE.

THE sober heads at the Villa Rosenhain vibrated in solemn disapproval over the doings of Mrs. Manvers, a captivating widow, and her pretty daughter Maud, and I was repeatedly advised to discourage my niece Letty's intimacy with them.

But Letty's fancies were not easily frightened away, by my powers of eloquence, at any rate. Though a trifle too fond of her own way—and at eighteen one's views of life are not always trustworthy—she was a good, affectionate child, the sunshine of my else dull days, and the renewal of my youth, with her high spirits, brightness, and love of frolic and adventure. She was pretty, too, and sweet as a June rose, and tribute was paid to her loveliness in the usual fashion of a carriage full of bouquets for the Casino balls, serenades, and original poetry of greater length than excellence, and from more aspirants to fame and my lady's favor than she troubled herself to remember the names of.

No wonder that my charming Letty preferred Mrs. Manvers's merry jaunts, picnics, rural dances, and aesthetically planned gouters, where the viands, slender under ordinary circumstances, seemed like nectar and ambrosia in the enchantment of moonlit ruins, well-chosen convives, and Maud's very acceptable singing—no wonder, I repeat, that Letty enjoyed all this more than the conversation and crochet in the drawing-room at the Villa Rosenhain.

My niece's friendship with the gay widow seemed particularly annoying to Mr. Theodore, a gentleman whom we met now at Schöndorf for the first time, but who had known intimately our family in America. He often spoke in the most glowing terms of the kind treatment he had received at their hands, but we regarded his praises of our people as German enthusiasm, and paid little heed.

He was a silent, shy man, unmarried, and apparently about forty years old. Fine-looking, I thought, in a dark, stern style, though Letty said he gave her the shivers to look at him, he was so like one of the Brothers of the Misericordia in Florence. His name, too, Bruno, had an uncomfortable, suggestive sound about it, like a monk, or a dog, or something unpleasant. I thought Letty very fanciful and prejudiced, but it would have done no good to tell her so. Whatever his looks might be, beneath Bruno Theodore's cold exterior there was a mine of intelligence, and one of the kindest hearts that ever beat. He spoke our language perfectly, having had an English mother, so there was not the obstacle of a foreign tongue to contend with in our acquaintance.

"He has had an unlucky love affair, and her name was Hildegard!" Letty announced, with a sparkle of triumph in her eyes at her discovery.

"Who? Mr. Theodore?"

"Yes; we were out in the orchard discussing a name for Totty Maxwell's guinea pig. Somebody suggested Hildegard as a good mouthful of a name, and very suitable. My stars! you ought to have seen the frump old Theodore get into—he said it was scandalous, barbarous, to give the stupid little animal that beautiful name Hildegard, the sweetest in all the world to him. Of course in the old boy's heart there is a soft spot for somebody of that name. I don't think he had any right to let his sentiment interfere with our christening, but it did. Hildegard was given up, and the guinea pig is to be called Smut instead, because of its black patches."

"You're a heartless little thing, Letty. When are you coming in for your share of soul?"

"No, I'm not heartless; but I do get so tired of that old fuss and feathers worrying about my friendship with the Manverses. They are all right, only a little friskier and jollier than the wishy-washy set in the drawing-room. Mr. Theodore presumes altogether too much on his acquaintance with Uncle Robert, in allowing himself to dictate to me. We're going to the Adlersee tomorrow, and shall not return till after midnight. The old granny may put that in his pipe and smoke it. I'm certainly not going to turn the cold shoulder on Mrs. Manvers because he chooses to croak."

Not long after this Mr. Theodore took his departure from the Villa Rosenhain, to Letty's unbounded delight.

The above events occurred during our first visit to the little German resort, Schöndorf; when, two years later, we returned there, taking up our abode at the Villa Rosenhain, as before, we heard sorry tales of Mrs. Manvers and Maud. The mother was an adventuress of the worst type; she had been in a New York prison more than once for shoplifting, was an inveterate gambler, and had

crowds of creditors hoping against hope, in a dozen towns. Banished from decent society at home, she had tried the effect of changing her name and mending her manners at Schöndorf, where we had unluckily met her. But she soon wearied of the rôle of respectability, and gave up concealing the cloven foot. She was seen several times on the street disgracefully drunk, and Maud's name was upon every tongue, owing to her startling toilets and strange behavior in public. People of good repute dropped them, of course, and they left Schöndorf about two months before our return.

Letty was much grieved at hearing such tales about people who had once been her friends, and to efface disagreeable memories, we shortened our stay at the Villa Rosenhain, balking ourselves to Wildbad in the Black Forest.

Soon after our installation at Herr Pfau's Familien-Pension, there occurred a mischance which frequently vexes foreign residents abroad—a delay in the arrival of our money from home. The expected sum was sure to come eventually, but an empty purse, even if for three weeks only, was annoying and embarrassing among strangers who might feel uneasy over our unpaid bills. Misfortunes never come singly; in the Platz, one afternoon, drifting along with the idle crowd assembled to hear the band, we met face to face the two people in the world whom we would have most gladly avoided, Mrs. Manvers and Maud.

It was a very awkward moment; poor Letty blushed hotly and looked at the toes of her neat boots, the flags waving over the pavilion, anywhere but into the eyes of her quondam friends. I tried to appear serenely unconscious, but am quite sure I failed, and so we passed on in silence. The mother and daughter gave no outward sign of offense at our ignoring them, but in their hearts they felt the injury, and bore us malice, as we afterwards discovered to our cost.

Maud was a target for all eyes in a flesh-pink silk jersey, over flounces of white Spanish lace, a big, drooping hat weighed down with rose and cream colored plumes, and her golden hair in a long plait interlaced with pink rosebuds far below her waist, which for smallness was an anatomical wonder. Her lips and cheeks were skillfully touched with external coloring, and her eyes marked beneath to give them more brilliancy. She was certainly very pretty, but it was a baleful beauty, which hurt and saddened one's eyes, far more than it pleased. The mother looked dissipated and repulsive, quite in harmony with the evil report given of her.

Soon after this disagreeable episode, we struck up an acquaintance with a lady in mourning, whom we had often seen alone on the quieter avenues and promenades.

Since our sad experience with Mrs. Manvers, Letty seemed to prefer people of the most sober, decorous exterior.

Our new friend was neither young nor pretty, according to the accepted standard for good looks. She was about thirty, or perhaps more; had fine dark eyes with a world of sadness in them, and an appealing, gentle manner which won my sympathy and interest at once. She seemed to take pleasure in chatting with us; gave me her card, on which was printed, "Hildegard Reim, Singing-teacher"; and begged that she might occasionally join us on our walks.

Glad of listeners, she told us her story on one of our tramps together.

Her mother had died when she was a baby, and with her father, a pianist, she had led a quiet, peaceful, happy life in a small town in the Rhine country. Her father had taught her singing, and had made of her a thorough musician; they had a few congenial friends, frugal, unassuming and busy like themselves, and lived content in a tiny world of their own. In time a lover came to add a few thrilling chapters to the simple story of her life—an ill-starred attachment, for he "wood and rode away."

"We had been parted for a year," Fräulein Reim continued, in the calm, chastened voice I found so sympathetic, "without letters or any kind of communication, to gratify a wish of my father's. When this time of separation was over, he, my lover"—she avoided any mention of his name—"wrote, begging that I would meet him on his return journey at the Forellenteich (a favorite stroll of ours in earlier days), provided my feelings for him had not changed during our year of probation. Happy beyond words, I told him in a few hasty lines that I would come, and in another note broke an engagement, with very scanty ceremony, for a boating excursion with Cousin Max. I went to the Forellenteich to await my absent one; but alas! I waited in vain—he did not come—and from that day to this, eleven long years ago, I have never heard a word from him. I had no address or I would have written to him. I know not if he be dead or living; it is all a dreary mystery, and will remain such, I suppose, till my eyes are opened, in a better, brighter world, to the secrets of this."

"My father died, and I was left alone with very small means. I knew several languages"—she spoke English perfectly—"which with my music fitted me for teaching. I went as governess to a country house in Wales; such a dreary, vast, neglected wilderness of a place! The house half in ruins, a great black lake before it, the rooms huge, dark and cold, and echoing with strange sighs and cries for which nobody could account. The children whom I was to teach were unruly and neglected, more like young savages than the sons and daughters of a man of position and great wealth. After my first luncheon, eaten alone, they asked me how I liked the cold meat. I, thinking it a civil question, replied that it was very good; whereupon they burst into fits of elfish laughter, and said it was the cat had left, they having set her upon the table to eat her fill before I came."

"Insults and annoyances of this kind were unceasing, for all of which I had no redress. At last the climax came; they enticed me into a boat, and deliberately upset me in the cold, black water. Then I left my place to the next unfortunate."

"I went to England as companion to a very rich old lady who lived alone, save for the servants and her dog and cat. It was a terribly depressing life there; my time was spent in reading aloud to my employer children's Sunday-school books, tracts, and the like; setting up the dropped stitches on a sock doomed never to be finished; and walking up and down the terrace to exercise a fat, waddling dog. Our conversation was upon the weather, and queries regarding the dog's comfort—had he the chicken-bone which he particularly preferred? was his pillow shaken up and his drink accessible? Visitors came very rarely, and these few seemed but so many copies of my mistress. The months crept along with a monotony that was deathlike; we seemed to be forgotten and left behind in the world's march. I was sharply reproved if I sometimes sang a snatch of a song which brought back old memories. Desperate at last, I stole away from that house like a culprit, leaving a letter to tell that I would not return."

"I taught music in a young ladies' boarding-school, until the proprietress died, and now I am here alone, hoping that I may form a class of scholars in singing."

"The poor thing, I hope she will succeed," Letty began, when we were alone. "I believe I'll take lessons of her, though I have such a squeaky little pipe of a voice. That was pathetic and sad what she told about her lover—wasn't it? I wonder what became of him. I'm afraid he was a rogue. Poor Fräulein, I would like to help her in some substantial way, and make up for the happiness which seems to have been left out of her lot."

The next evening there was a special concert to honor the arrival of some grandee, and everybody was out upon the Platz in the best of spirits and toilets.

"There is Fräulein Reim; she has picked up some more friends," said Letty.

On drawing nearer we saw with amazement that her companions were Mrs. Manvers and Maud, with whom the guileless-minded girl was chatting very affably.

"This will never do!" I exclaimed, under my breath. "The poor thing will ruin her chances of getting scholars if she is seen with those women. She must be warned at once."

"Mrs. Manvers will be in a fury."

"I can't help that; we must not allow that simple, honest creature to fall blindly into their net. Dear, dear, it's very disagreeable! I wish she was more sharp-sighted and not such an innocent."

We took particular pains to meet the trio in our promenade, and to try to arouse Fräulein Reim's suspicions of something being wrong by passing her without a salutation.

Soon afterwards we saw her alone in the gayly dressed crowd, and I drew her aside to speak to her. She seemed suddenly to have grown strangely stiff and reserved in her manner to both Letty and me, but I was too excited to pay much heed to this. In a hurried, helter-skelter fashion I told her truth about Mrs. Manvers, and begged her to avoid both mother and daughter as she would the pestilence.

Fräulein looked at me coldly and critically, and I fancied drew herself a little away from me as she replied: "Madame, the friendship of the Countess Oroboli and her daughter, Mathilde, whom you persist in calling by the name of Manvers, is likely to be of great value to me. The young countess—"

"The young fiddlesticks!" I exclaimed, hotly; I could have shaken the unsophisticated, unsuspecting baby for being beguiled by such transparent humbuggery. Of course, Mrs. Manvers had a new name for herself in every place she went to, and the grander the better.

"Has a beautiful voice," Fräulein Reim continued, ignoring my interruption, "and I am to give her lessons."

"And you may whistle for your pay," I retorted, vulgarly.

"They will present me to their aristocratic friends; I shall have plenty of profitable occupation; and—and—" she stammered and blushed painfully—"and thanking you and your niece for your civility during the past week, I will, madame, bid you farewell."

She started up nervously from the bench where we were sitting, and would have fled away like a deer, had I not seized her arm.

"You shall not go back to those disreputable people!" I cried. "Will you not believe me when I swear to you that they are not decent associates for even a chimney-sweep?"

"Madame, your story perplexes me greatly; as the case demands it, I will be frank with you. What you have asserted to me about the Countess Oroboli and her daughter is what they have just warned me against in you and your niece."

"Has that hussy dared to slander us?" I demanded.

"They both declared that you and the young lady were the talk of the town in Schöndorf, where they used to know you. Respectable people had long since ceased to countenance you, and you dared not salute me this evening while I was in their company, lest they should be insulted."

"What a pack of preposterous lies!" I cried, beside myself with rage.

"But, madame, whom shall I believe? You are all strangers to me. Ah, me! it is a difficult world to understand!" and the girl's big, sad eyes ran over with tears.

Here was an agreeable state of things, truly. How could we convince the deluded singing-teacher of the truth? We had no one in the

place to vouch for our honesty, and it might be a very losing battle with a dangerous character like Mrs. Manvers.

"But, Fräulein, can you not see for yourself that they have not the ring of the true metal? Look at the rouge on that girl's cheeks, her dress, her manners. Compare her with Letty, and say which should be the fitter associate for you."

"They are showy in appearance, I admit; but they are Mexicans, with ways and views very different from ours."

"Mexicans? Nonsense!"

"They applied for rooms at the Pension-Pfau, where you are living, but there were none vacant. Madame la Comtesse said that Herr Pfau was a protégé of hers, his father having been valet to the count, her husband, and that she felt it her duty to warn him against keeping you in his establishment. I tell you this because you have been kind to me, and I would like to spare you a disagreeable scene."

Affairs were beginning to look very black; that reprobate, the "Countess," might easily place us in a bad light to Herr Pfau; we had not paid our bills, and could not for another fortnight.

Heavens! we might be lodged in prison before we were twenty-four hours older.

With a dismal sinking at my heart, I bade Fräulein good-evening, and told her I would renew this most unpleasant discussion on the following day. I was too despairing to feel angry at her obtuse obstinacy and blindness. Oh, for a friend to come to the rescue in this our hour of peril! I thought, as I closed my eyes.

We took our breakfast usually on a little balcony off our bedroom. Looking down through the Virginia creeper the next morning, I noticed somebody chatting with Herr Pfau. I could see his back only; but this looked strangely familiar. He turned, and to my delight I recognized Mr. Theodore, the whom Letty had stigmatized as a fidgety old martinet. The sight of the angel Gabriel could not have been more welcome to my eyes. In fact, I would not have quite known how to behave in the presence of that august personage from on high, whereas with Mr. Theodore I did not wait for any formalities. I flew down-stairs and welcomed him with an enthusiasm which must have astonished him greatly, taken in connection with Letty's snubbing in the past.

Mr. Theodore was an archaeologist of considerable note; his word would carry weight, and he would, of course, befriend us and reinstate us in the good opinion of that foolish Fräulein, and, best of all, quiet any suspicions which the "Countess" might, through spite, arouse in Herr Pfau's bosom.

I would send Mr. Theodore to Fräulein Reim. I knew her address, Taubenstrasse 3, and she would come in tears to crave our pardon. At my earliest opportunity I told him of the trouble which menaced us, and begged that he would go to the Taubenstrasse without delay. To make sure of there being no mistake, I followed close at his heels. He climbed the stairs and knocked at the door of the Fräulein's modest apartment; it opened; she looked at the newcomer for a moment in bewilderment; he turned pale, and, stretching out both hands, cried, "Hildegard!"

"Bruno!" she murmured, while her face glowed with a happy radiance which made it young and beautiful.

She drew him into the room and shut the door, while I, in my dark corner, was left to my own reflections over this unexpected ending to the scene. Bruno and Hildegard had found each other at last after eleven long years of silence and misunderstanding.

I need scarcely mention that the question of our social standing seemed to sink into insignificance after this event. The "Mexicans" vanished suddenly from the promenades, and our money came before we suffered serious inconvenience from the delay.

"But why did your Bruno fail to keep his appointment at the Forellenteich?" Letty asked.

"That was a deplorable mistake of mine," said Hildegard. "I wrote two hasty notes that day—one in English to Max delaying our boating-party; the other to Bruno, saying I would gladly meet him. By cruel mischance I put these letters in the wrong envelopes; and my Bruno, whom I had not seen nor had tidings of (nor he of me) for more than a year, read these words intended for Max: 'I cannot come; I am engaged.'—HILDEGARDE. There was no other name on the paper to explain the mistake. I often wrote to Bruno in English, in former days, and he supposed I chose this brief way of announcing my engagement to some one else, to spare his feelings and my own. Those unlucky words drove him to America, where he has lived for many years. He showed me to-day the little note which was the cause of all our misery."

"Could not your Cousin Max have made the mystery clear?"

"Bruno's note failed to find him; it was lost; probably by the little boy hired to deliver it."

"Mrs. Manvers has not lived in vain, has she?" Letty said to me, afterwards, "since she has been the indirect means of bringing these two faithful hearts together."

"I am so thankful that simple, ingenuous creature is going to have a husband to look after her!" I exclaimed, fervently.

## PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

QUEEN VICTORIA AT LIVERPOOL.

The International Exhibition of Navigation, Commerce and Industry, at Liverpool, was opened by Queen Victoria on the 11th ultimo. This being the Queen's first visit to Liverpool since 1851, the occasion was marked by brilliant demonstrations of welcome. The Exhibition Building, which claims to be the largest in point of area and



variety since the Hyde Park Show of 1851, has been erected on a tract of land belonging to the Corporation near the Edge Hill Station. Before the opening the Queen was taken through the several departments of the Exhibition, and saw certain manufacturing processes in operation. On Wednesday she was received at St. George's Hall by the Mayor and Corporation, who presented a loyal address. After the Queen's reply the royal party, which included the Duke of Connaught and Prince and Princess Henry of Battenburg, were driven to the landing stage, and embarked on board the ferry steamer *Cloughton* for an excursion on the river, all other traffic being suspended. Subsequently the Queen drove back through the city to Newham House, where she remained until Thursday morning.

#### INAUGURATION OF THE LION OF ST. MARK AT VERONA.

The Lion of St. Mark, the emblem of Venetian authority, has just been restored on the column in the Piazza delle Erbe at Verona. It is a fine work of art, of pure white marble. On the day of the inauguration it rained till noon. Then the trumpets blared in the distance told of the approach of the procession, and the firemen soon appeared, followed by the civic authorities and societies. A quarter of an hour enabled all to draw up on the Piazza. Then a cord in a window of the Palazzo Guardini was sharply drawn, and amid a general silence the veil fell, disclosing the snow-white lion, his paw resting majestically on the open book. Then rose shouts of "Viva il Leone! Viva il Comitato!"

#### FOREIGN WAR-VESSELS IN GREEK WATERS.

Cable advices state that the Greek naval reserves have disbanded; but it does not appear, at the present writing, that the Powers have made any move towards raising the blockade. Our picture gives a comprehensive view of the port and environs of Athens, taken from the Bay of Munychia, and showing five foreign war-vessels lying at anchor off Phalerum. These vessels, taken in their respective order from left to right, as seen in the engraving, are: the *Platoun* (Russian), the *Ancona* (Italian), the *Neptun* (English), the *Kaiser Max* (Austrian), and the *Friedrich Carl* (German). Phalerum, Munychia and Piræus were the three famous port-towns of ancient Athens. The Acropolis, Mount Hymettus, and other historic points, are visible in the distance.

#### THE EDINBURGH EXPOSITION.

The International Exhibition at Edinburgh, recently opened by Prince Albert Victor of Wales, is now in the full tide of success. The buildings consist of two main structures—a permanent structure of iron and brick, and a temporary building of wood and glass. The former forms the head or front of the whole Exhibition, and consists of a central court surrounded by art galleries, while the latter contains a central court or nave flanked by side courts. The broad main entrance to the permanent building, of which we give an illustration, is flanked by imposing towers, and embellished with groups of sculpture, and a statue of Her Majesty. Adjoining the buildings are prettily laid-out gardens, while one of the chief features of the Exhibition is a reproduction of "Old Edinburgh," after the model of "Old London" at South Kensington. There can be seen some of the best known historic houses of the ancient city; the narrow, tortuous streets; the picturesque irregular fronts; the tall, crenelated gables; the corner towers; the turreted staircases; the projecting windows; and the open booths as they might have existed in the Lawnmarket, the High Street, and the Canongate of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, together with many other well-known architectural monuments. Various industries are represented, the handicraftsmen and women being attired in the costume appropriate to their various crafts and periods.

#### DON JOSÉ M. PLACIDO CAAMAÑO, CONSTITUTIONAL PRESIDENT OF ECUADOR.

The actual President of Ecuador, whose attempted assassination at Yaguachi on the 6th of February excited such deep interest, belongs to one of the most distinguished families of Guayaquil, and was born October 5th, 1838. He was educated in the Seminary of that city, and made courses of canon and civil law and theology; completing his studies at Quito, where he took his degree as Doctor of Laws, and Bachelor of Theology. García Moreno being then Rector of the University. He entered the profession of the law as an advocate, actively developing also his father's estate at Tuguel, and soon acquired distinction. He married Señora Pastora Márquez de la Plata, cousin of the President of Chili. He held the office of Alcaldé, Chief of the National Guard and Director of the Customs. In July, 1882, he was banished for taking part in a movement to put an end to the tyrannical dictatorship of Veintimilla. He returned in April, 1883, landing at Santa Rosa, and taking an active part as general of the troops, acting in concert with Generals Sarasto, Alfaro and Salazar. After overthrowing Veintimilla on the 9th of July, the victorious party called a National Assembly, which elected Señor Caamaño President *ad interim*. His administration was so satisfactory that he was elected Constitutional President, February 17th, 1884. He is a warm advocate of internal improvements, has extended railroads, established telegraphic communication, as well as increased the number and efficiency of colleges and schools.

#### THE AMERICAN MINISTER TO JAPAN.

A Tokio correspondent of the *New York Tribune* gives the following account of the peculiarities of Governor Hubbard, our Minister to Japan: "I went to the American Legation the other day to procure a passport to go into the interior. A Japanese nobleman stood at the door awaiting admittance. A large, portly, broad-shouldered man in shirt-sleeves opened the door and curtly asked what was wanted. 'To see the American Minister,' was the reply. 'Well,' said he in the shirt-sleeves, 'I'm the man!' To appreciate fully this scene, one must be somewhat familiar with the properties of the ceremonious East. The Japanese are great sticklers for the proprieties. You buy a railway ticket—it is punched as you pass out of the narrow gate to enter the cars, but you must convey that ticket to the end of your journey and give it up before you can pass out of the gate there and enter the free world again. When you visit the museum or art exhibition you buy a ticket at a little stall outside of the park. You enter the park through a gateway, your blue paper ticket is there exchanged for a wooden ticket which you must carry till you pass out of the park by another gate, where you must deliver it up. No public entertainment, no conference, is

held by the Japanese without cards. They are a necessity, and you cannot enter without one, even though the meeting be free to all. This ceremonial system extends all through the domestic and social fabric. It naturally results that courtly men and graceful women who can yield a trifle to the demands of a position and maintain their dignity by a little ceremony will be more acceptable to this polite people than those who are brusque, uncomely, cold and selfishly careless.

Governor Hubbard received considerable criticism on the steamer coming from San Francisco, but it was, I understand, more on account of a general manner than any specific act. On the steamer Mr. Hubbard and Consul-General Green discussed private Government affairs so loudly that they were heard by representatives of every other nationality on board. The Minister made a speech in San Francisco just before starting, which was taken *verbatim* by a reporter. In it he spoke of the Japanese as the 'little brown people over the way.' He forgot that the Japanese read English and would be prejudiced against him. The ship that brought him here also brought a report of his speech, and intelligent Japanese still speak of his slurs, and will not soon forget his address. When invited to occupy a pew in the Union Church, he drew himself up and said: 'I am not a church-going man, but maybe my family will occupy it.' He had only been here a month or so when he gave his first reception to the Japanese, and he chose Sunday for the day. He said to a British representative here, in a boastful manner, that he had been 'Governor of Texas, a territory many times larger than England.' The Japanese complain that he is inaccessible. They say that they can see him only one day in the week, and they are not pleased.

#### A FORTUNE IN A DINNER SET.

Mr. GEORGE W. CHILDS's dinner-table, as it appears when set for a banquet of a dozen courses, is a picture well worth seeing. The entire table-service owned by Mr. Childs is estimated to be worth between \$40,000 and \$50,000, and he has been collecting it for upward of fifteen years. The intrinsic value, however, of the great collection exceeds this estimate, for many of the pieces have associations that give them additional worth, while others could not be reproduced save by the expenditure of a dozen times their original cost. Only a small portion of this great collection can, of course, be used at one time; but when some distinguished guest is entertained, the choicest gems are selected and artistically arranged, and the effect is almost indescribable. The cloth on such occasions is of a heavy material from the 'Vale of Cashmere,' of the richest scarlet, and heavily embroidered and fringed with gold bullion. In the centre is a mirror lake four feet long by three feet wide, and above it stands a centre-piece in richly chased silver-gilt, vase-form, and finished at the top with eight burners, which, however, Mrs. Childs generally prefers to have filled with rare and beautiful flowers instead of tapers. It has a gilt open-work border of a graceful floral design standing three inches above the mirror in which it is reflected. At either end are exquisitely designed candelabra in gilt and silver, which stand nearly two feet in height and hold a number of lights, being also draped with flower-bespangled vines.

Standing by the candelabra at one end of the table is a silver wine-cooler, with four raised panels of cupids and graces. The corresponding article at the opposite extremity is a crystal bowl, fifteen inches in diameter and nearly as high, used for flowers. This and its companion in another city are the finest pieces of glass yet made by any American manufacturer, and for beauty and perfection of cutting, they are unexcelled. The profusion of crystal upon the table in the shape of exquisite carafes, compote, fruit and bonbon stands, low and high, and with or without silver bases, is a revelation of the stage to which glass-cutting is carried in the United States.

But all nations are represented. Claret-jugs and wineglasses from Bohemia and a set of claret-tumbler from Carlsbad, ornately enameled with sprays, flowers and butterflies in gilt, crimson and blue, give dashes of coloring and variety of form to the profuse and varied service. Amid the collection of crystal is a set of Bohemian champagne-glasses, which are so unique and beautiful as to challenge universal admiration. They were presented by General Grant.

Of the silver objects on the table, which are so numerous that only a few can be mentioned, perhaps the most interesting is the coronet of that wise and witty English peer and statesman, Lord Broughton, which is made to do duty as the ornamental base of a crystal fig-holder. Another odd bit is a silver bottle shaped like an owl, copied from one in the British Museum especially for Mr. Childs, and there are several novel bottle-cases wrought in the same precious metal.

But it is in the vast stores of valuable porcelain that the collection is so wonderfully rich, and the crown jewel of the lot is a marvelously large and splendid set of Minton ware, made with special care and decorated with exquisite daintiness and good taste. The design for the plates, which are in keeping with every object in the set, is a gilt band about half an inch wide on an ivory ground, looped with garlands of brilliantly hued flowers, tiny in size but perfect in shape. Mr. Childs's monogram, wrought in the same delicate flowers, occupies the centre of the plate.

Other sets of plates show nothing but fish; others only birds or flowers; while there are several harlequin sets, in which each plate is entirely different from any of its fellows, and each is a veritable gem. In the china-closet, which is a good-sized room of itself, are arranged scores of dozens of beautiful plates of every size and for every use. Many are of plain colors, but the majority show some beautiful designs. Sharing the same shelves are dozens of coffee and tea cups that have been brought from every part of the world where the potter and the artist unite their skill.

#### A PERSIAN DINNER.

A New York *Herald* correspondent writes from Teheran: "Last night I went to a Persian dinner, served in the true Persian style—no chairs or tables, quantities of sweetmeats before dinner and a general absence of knives and forks. Pilau formed the mainstay of the feast, with mutton kibibos dripping with grease between slabs of the flat, doughy Persian bread. The entertainment was varied by music on several species of mandolins and tambourines, not bad in its way, and by Persian singing, resembling nothing so much as the screeching of a cat being slowly and surely strangled to death.

"There was also dancing by very young chil-

dren, the indecency of which must be seen to be believed. Among the dances was that of the Indian Nautch girls, with an Afghan dance, spirited and effective, during which the tiny dancers discharged toy pistols in the faces of the guests; and the *Cabuli*, or dance of Cabul, the prettiest of all, danced with a number of fans arranged on the heads, the waists and the belts of the dancers, producing a very pretty effect. Dancing it can scarcely be called—the word has not that meaning in Persian—*rags* is to perform a series of graceful and expressive movements, accompanied by an appropriate play of feature. It is sensuous pantomime. An unfortunate European, who had a nervous twitch of the facial muscles, was known here by the Persians as 'Reguas,' the dancer."

#### A NOTABLE CLOCK.

The works of the immense clock which has been put up in the Board of Trade building in Chicago are pronounced a most perfect reproduction of those of the great Westminster Palace clock in London, but with some additions and improvements adapted to its commercial purpose. It is constructed of iron, bronze and steel, and weighs ten tons without the bell, the latter adding some 4,500 pounds more. The pendulum alone weighs 750 pounds. In its arrangement the works are divided into a time train, a hand train and a striking train, these several trains comprising separate machines, resting, side by side, on separate frames. Each of the trains is operated by a separate weight, and the three weights together reach some 3,500 pounds. The hammer that strikes the bell weighs eighty pounds, the clock-work is below the dials, which are ten feet ten inches in diameter, and the bell is above them, or 250 feet above the ground. The pendulum swings one way in two seconds.

#### FACTS OF INTEREST.

The consumption of eels in London amounts to 1,700 tons a year.

The cost of investigating the Broadway Railroad scandal was \$48,000, of which it is said \$40,000 was paid to Roscoe Conkling and Clarence A. Seward as counsel fees.

Of the total number of dwellings in New York, 10,314 contain one family, or six persons; 16,982 houses or flats contain one family on a floor, or twenty-five persons; while 18,966 tenements accommodate fifty persons each on an average—that is, about three-quarters of a million.

The landed property of England covers 72,000,000 acres. It is worth \$10,000,000,000, and yields an annual rent, independent of mines, of \$330,000,000. One-fourth of this territory, exclusive of that held by the owners of less than an acre, is in the hands of 1,200 proprietors, and a second fourth is owned by 6,200 others; so that half of the entire country is held by 7,400 individuals. The population is 35,000,000. The peers, not 600 in number, own more than one-fifth of the kingdom; they possess 14,000,000 acres of land, worth \$2,000,000,000, with an annual rental of \$66,000,000.

In a speech before the Cincinnati Chamber of Commerce, upon the occasion of a recent visit, Governor Fitzhugh Lee of Virginia referred to the late war and its events, which, he said, should be consigned to forgetfulness, or, if remembered at all, should be thought of and talked of as evidence of American valor and fidelity. "No men," he said, "could be brought to face such storms of shot and shell as were poured upon the Southern soldier unless they thought their cause was just. He was happy to say that Virginia's aim was to take her place in the coronet of the American Union, and by her helpfulness in advancing the interests of the common country to become a bright and flashing jewel."

The new Memorial Chapel, a building in pure Italian Romanesque style, beautifully in proportion, but simply built of brick, which has been given to the Institute at Hampton, Va., through Mr. Elbert Monroe, from the estate of the late Frederick Marquand, of New York, was formally dedicated on the 20th ult. The growth of this Institute, devoted to the education of colored and Indian children and youth, is shown by the fact that whereas at the beginning it had but two or three old buildings, and a handful of students, it now has 45 buildings, 29 for academic and boarding departments, and 16 for industrial, with 600 pupils and 500 graduate teachers, teaching at a low estimate last year 2,500 children.

A GARDEN party recently given at Dublin by the Lord-lieutenant of Ireland, with the politic and patriotic idea of having every guest wear a dress of Irish fabrics, is said to have been a peculiarly picturesque affair. There were poplins and serges and tweeds for the ladies, with trimmings of Irish ribbons and laces. Besides wearing morning dress of Irish cloth, the gentlemen wore Irish felt hats. The Viceroy wore a very becoming gray Irish tweed suit, and the hostess a cream-colored poplin. The children wore the garb of Irish peasants, in every variety of color. Eighteen hundred guests were present, and Irish jigs, reels and hornpipes were danced. The music was rendered by the Irish pipers and harpists of St. Patrick's.

#### DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

MAY 22d.—In Lebanon, O., General Durbin Ward, aged 67 years; in New York, Stephen Pearl Andrews, scholar and philosopher, and author of the work entitled, "The Basic Outlines of Universalism," aged 74 years. MAY 23d.—In Berlin, Germany, Leopold von Ranke, the celebrated historian, aged 91 years. MAY 24th.—At Sandy Hill, Washington County, N. Y., the Rev. Erastus Wentworth, D. D., ex-missionary to Foo Chow, China. MAY 25th.—In New Orleans, La., General Frederick Nash Ogden, leader of the White League in the rebellion against the Kellogg State Government in 1874, aged 49 years; in Elmira, N. Y., Professor Joel Dorman Steele, author of a series of popular schoolbooks, aged 50 years. MAY 26th.—In New York, William Winslow, an old resident and well-known business man, aged 75 years. MAY 28th.—In New York, Austin Baldwin, of the State Steamship Line, aged 79 years; in Providence, R. I., John Russell Bartlett, historian and author, aged 81 years; in Syracuse, N. Y., Dr. Roger W. Pease, well-known physician, aged 58 years; in Newark, N. J., Caleb S. Titusworth, ex-Law Judge of the Essex County Court of Common Pleas, aged 60 years; in Washington, D. C., the Rev. Meyer Lewin, of Upper Marlboro, Md., a member of the Episcopal Convention, aged 65 years; in White Plains, N. Y., Oscar Martine, an old resident, aged 65 years; in Bethlehem, N. Y., Julian Winne, well-known agriculturist, aged 70 years.

#### AT HOME AND ABROAD.

NEARLY 60,000 children participated in the Sunday-school parade in Brooklyn on the 28th ult.

ADVICES from Japan state that the cholera in the southern part of the country is increasing.

THE sixth annual meeting of the League of American Wheelmen was held in Boston last week.

THE Parliamentary elections in Italy have resulted in a Government triumph, all the Cabinet Ministers being re-elected.

AT the municipal election in Richmond, Va., last week, the regular Democracy were badly beaten by a combination of workingmen and Republicans.

THE Southern Presbyterian General Assembly has accepted the invitation of the Northern Assembly to join in the church centennial celebration in 1888.

MR. BLAND, of Missouri, has introduced in the House of Representatives a Bill to revive the income tax, the proceeds to be applied to the payment of pensions.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND last week vetoed six private pension Bills on the ground that the records do not furnish sufficient evidence that the proposed beneficiaries are entitled to the pension.

THE Brooklyn Bridge was opened on May 24th, 1883. Since then 45,136,844 persons have crossed the great structure, and the receipts have been \$1,621,639.87. The average travel is now 500,000 a week.

THE House Committee on Territories has reported adversely all Bills relating to the admission of Dakota as a State, except that introduced by Mr. Springer, providing an enabling Act for the admission of the whole Territory.

A JOINT resolution has been presented to the United States Senate to appropriate \$25,000 for the erection of a monument at Stony Point, N. Y., to celebrate the historical events which occurred there during the War of the Revolution.

Two iron furnaces, one of which will cost \$1,000,000, are to be erected by Northern capitalists on ore land near Birmingham, Ala. The larger of these furnaces will have a capacity for making 1,200 tons of pig iron per week.

THE British House of Lords has again rejected, this time by a vote of 149 to 127, the second reading of the Bill legalizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister. The Prince of Wales supported the Bill. The Duke of Connaught, who was in favor of the Bill, paired. Nineteen bishops voted with the majority.

ADVICES from Peking say that the Chinese Government has become alarmed at the size of the projected English mission to Tibet, and will ask that the escort be reduced, and that the mission shall represent simply a commercial body. Otherwise, the Tibetans will refuse to allow the party to enter their territory.

THE Chicago Grand Jury last week indicted twenty-two Anarchists, nine of them for murder. Among the latter are Rudolph Schnabel, Adolph Fischer, Louis Lingg, Samuel Fielden and August Spies—they are likewise held for conspiracy and inciting others to riot; Michael Schwab, John Appel, George Engel and Anton Hirschberger, for murder and conspiracy.

EXTENSIVE forest fires are raging in Middle and Northern Wisconsin, and unless there is speedy relief by rains there is cause for grave apprehension. In the vicinity of Coleman, two hundred miles north of Milwaukee, fires have burned all the fallen timber and destroyed a large quantity of ties, wood, and cedar posts belonging to the railway company and others, besides burning several miles of standing telegraph poles.

THE Presbyterian General Assembly, in session at Minneapolis, Minn., has appointed Sunday, July 4th, as a day for special collections in the Sunday-schools for the cause of home missions. The total receipts for foreign missions, last year, were \$745,164, which did not meet by \$50,000 the necessary expenditures. By resolution of the Assembly, the churches will attempt to raise \$750,000 next year besides the debt, or a total of \$800,000.

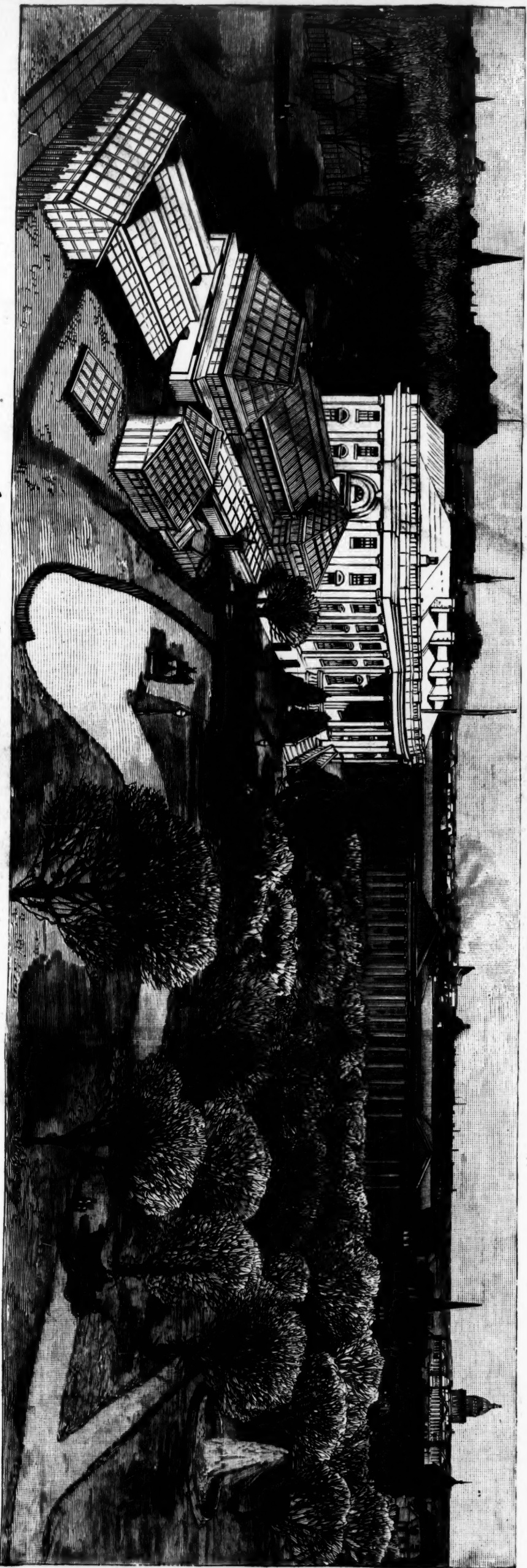
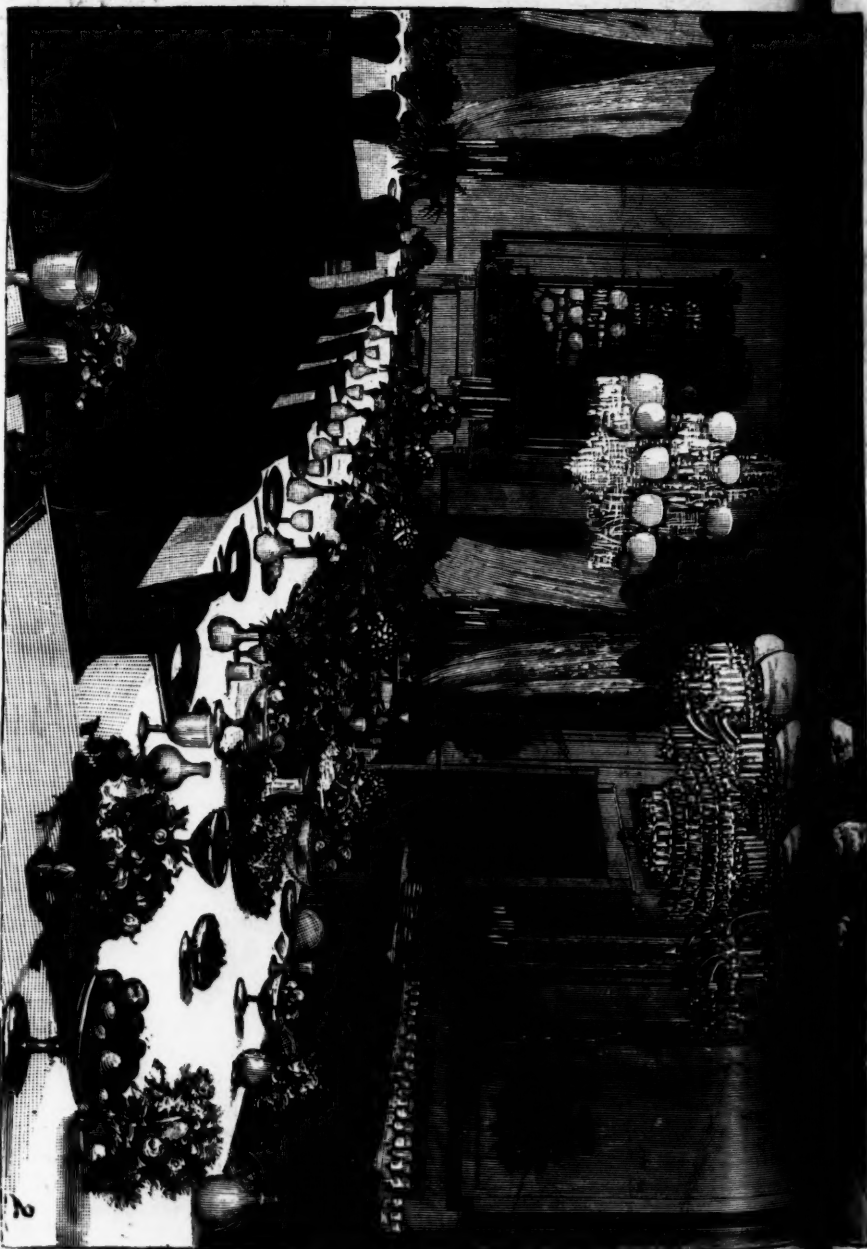
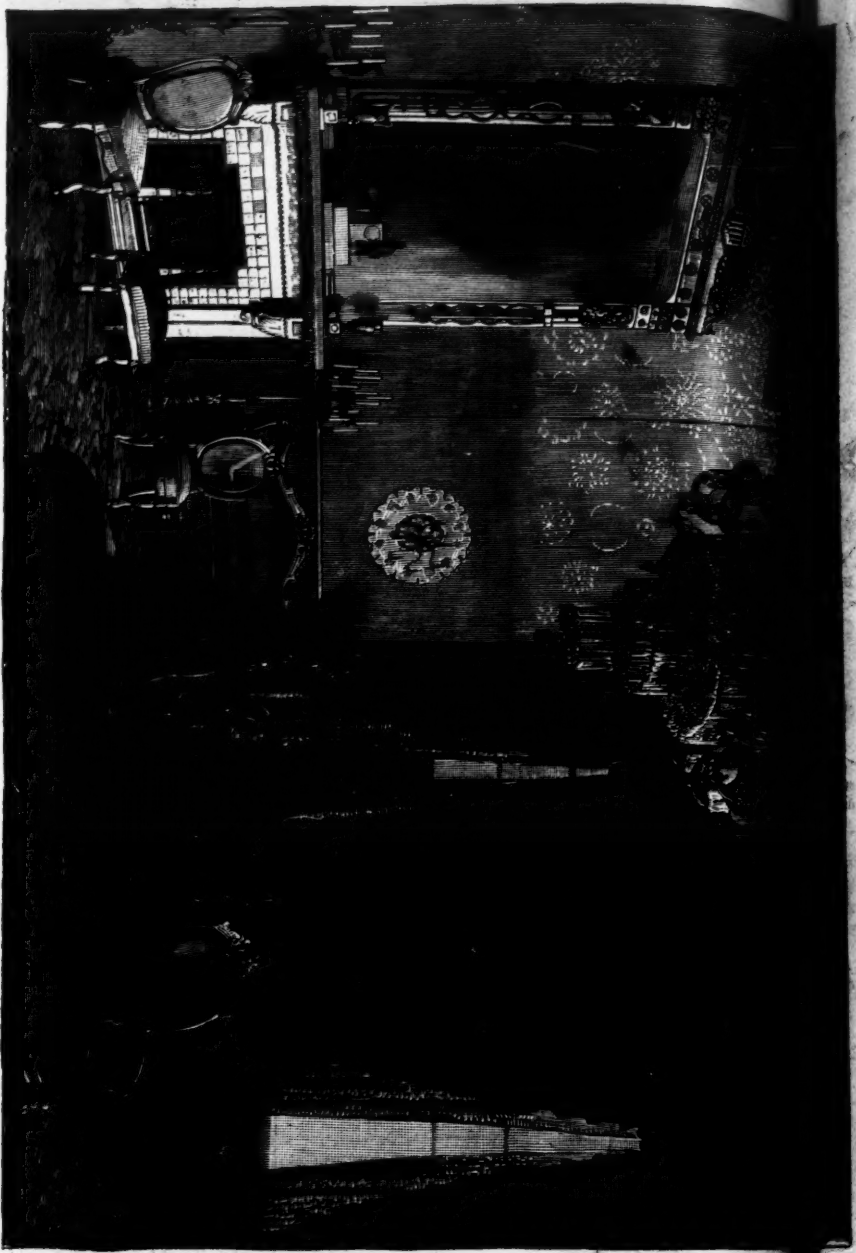
REPORTS from the marine station of the United States Fish Commission at Wood's Hole, Mass., announce the complete success of the attempts recently begun to propagate lobsters artificially on a practical scale, and many thousands of young lobsters are now being cared for and fed in the large tanks contained in the hatchery building. Shipments of young lobsters will soon be made by the Fish Commission to those localities on the Atlantic coast that have suffered most from the improvident methods of the lobster-fishermen.

IN the Third District Court of Idaho, one day last week, Chief-justice Hayes sentenced twenty-seven prisoners, all being Mormons except two. The sentences ranged from three months and \$100 fine to twelve months and \$300 fine. All one-year prisoners are to be sent to the House of Correction at Detroit; those sentenced for a less period, to the Boise City United States Penitentiary. There are 145 indictments for unlawful cohabitation drawn for the present term of court. All the persons involved, except one, have refused to recognize the law in the future.

AN interesting test case, involving the management of public schools, has arisen in Wisconsin. On the petition of several persons at Edgerton, an alternative writ of mandamus has been directed to the District Board of that city, requiring the board to discontinue the reading of the Bible and other religious and devotional exercises practiced in this school, or show cause to the contrary before the court. The application was based upon section 3 of article 10 of the State Constitution which prohibits sectarian instruction in the schools. The decision is material to the settlement of a vexed question that has frequently arisen in the Northwest.

AT the eighteenth anniversary of the Hampton Institute, Virginia, on the 20th ultimo, diplomas were presented to a class of fourteen, eight young men and six young women, all of whom have already become teachers. In the class there were three Indians, one young man of the Sioux tribe in Dakota, and two Omaha young women—one married, and both sisters of Bright Eyes. One of these was salutatorian of her class, and also won the gold medal awarded to the senior passing the best examination in elementary studies. The valedictorian was a young man of purest African type, R. H. Hamilton, one of the original band of Hampton student singers, who has been, ever since his graduation, connected with the school as leader of its choir and head of its tailor-shop.





1. THE BLUE ROOM. 2. THE STATE DINING-ROOM. 3. VIEW OF THE WHITE HOUSE AND GROUNDS.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—THE APPROACHING MARRIAGE OF PRESIDENT CLEVELAND—PORTRAITS OF THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM, WITH VIEWS OF THE BLUE ROOM, IN THE WHITE HOUSE, WHERE THE CEREMONY WILL TAKE PLACE, ETC., ETC.

SEE PAGE 261.





GROVER CLEVELAND,  
PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.



FRANCES C. FOLSOM.



## The Shadow from Varraz.

By PROF. CLARENCE M. BOUTELLE,  
Author of "The Wages of Sin," "The Love and  
Loves that Jack Had," "Of Two Evils,"  
Etc., Etc., Etc.

### CHAPTER XVIII.—(CONTINUED).

THERE were others waiting for us not far down the corridor. There was the chief authority of the prison; there was a clergyman; there was a tall, thin, lean individual—a man with a strong and cultured face—who was addressed by an officer as Dr. Brajazzi.

The sad procession paused long enough for the officer to introduce me to Dr. Brajazzi.

The doctor raised one long finger as a symbol of the silence he desired. Then he spoke to me: "I am Italian. I adore science. I worship medicine. I have a great collection of skulls and skeletons of distinguished murderers—almost a hundred—of all nations. May I have yours?"

His eyes were bent on my face with a strangely fascinating look—a look of eager appeal and earnest hope.

The officer explained.

"Dr. Brajazzi has had the honor of serving the authorities of this Government on several occasions in such a way as to earn privileges not accorded to others. He has a collection such as he has mentioned. He desires to have you in it. It is for you to say whether he shall have his wish or not."

"And if I say No? Can my friends—"

The officer interrupted me coldly.

"Your friends will receive no favors. Your body will be buried at night in the prison-yard; the ground will be smoothed down; grass-seed will be sown there; your resting-place will be forgotten. Your choice is between that and a place in the collection of the great Dr. Brajazzi."

The doctor bent nearer. He laid his great claw-like hand upon my arm. His nails seemed like hooks.

"I—want—you—so—much," he drawled out, in a pleading whine, then hissed a half-audible whisper, full of sudden energy and swift vehemence, into my ear: "In God's name say 'Yes'!"

I gazed upon this creature with ill-concealed disgust. Was it not enough to die for a crime I never could have stooped to, without being made the victim of such a hideous farce as this?

"Do as you will with me," I said, turning to the chief officer of the prison.

We had now reached the door of the prison proper. It was opened before us. Beyond lay the prison-yard, with its high and well-guarded wall, but with the clear, blue, sunlit sky overhead.

Directly in front of us, but a long distance away, stood the gallows. Since I must perforce die there, I could have wished it nearer. It would require a great effort to walk so far bravely.

I looked wildly about me for aid. No sign of horsemen on the distant, dusty hills. No sign of rescue at the gates or along the walls. I would have made a fight for my freedom and sold my own life in exchange for those of some of the men with me; but there was no opportunity.

The clergyman supported me on one side; the chief officer of the prison supported me on the other. I imagined I could hear the step behind me of the man who craved the possession of my remains for his vulgar museum; but I was not certain.

It was a terrible ordeal—that walk from the prison-door to the sombre structure designed for the avenging of offenses and the stamping out of sin. I felt that I must have something to busy my mind with during the long, long walk; I did what I dare say hundreds of other condemned men have done when taking their last, slow, sad walk under the sun and sky, if they could only unclothe their dishonored lips, or take a pen in their dead hands, and tell—I counted my steps from the prison-door!

There were many steps. Ten—twenty—thirty—while I wondered whether I should be able to walk the whole distance bravely, letting no one know the cowardice which I feared stirred at my heart. Forty—fifty—sixty—and I prayed that I might be spared, begged that there might be a miracle done to save my innocent life. Seventy—and I wondered whether I deserved the interposition of superhuman power, with all my weaknesses and frailties, innocent though I was of the crime for which I must die. Eighty—and I believed there was no escape. Ninety—and I was almost resigned to the inevitable; men say that Death loses some of his terrors when his hands are really on one, and his icy breath falls on the face.

My head had been bent forward, and my gaze had been fixed upon the ground. I did not know we had reached the end of the journey until my foot struck something. I looked up. It was the lower step leading to the gallows, against which my foot had fallen. How very, very short the walk had been!

I had counted ninety-seven steps between the beginning and the end!

I remembered the number of steps in the lowest flight of stairs under the earth and below the river at Castle Varraz. I remembered my walk with the Lady Ilga. The years would come and the years would go, perhaps, while she wandered, dazed and doubting and lonely, along the devious paths of earthly existence—and I, in another and a better world, waited for her. Her youth would fade; there would come furrows in her soft cheeks; her hair would grow gray, and slowly whiten to a hue like snow. But somewhere, sometime, I should meet her and know her again! Was I sorry that I had followed when she cried: "Come! come if you dare!" With my foot on the gallows-stairs, I smiled softly to myself and whispered, "No!"

They hurried now. I think I was almost glad they did. Hope was dead in my breast—save the

hope which has only to do with what is left of a man when he has gone through death and the grave. There was no mercy or pity in the faces about me; there was no sign of respite or rescue; there was no hurrying form on ridge or slope. The sun blazed down from the pitiless sky; no white-robed angel stooped towards earth to do the thing I so much needed done. So far as this world was concerned, I was utterly forsaken. I was glad they hurried.

"Have you anything to say before the sentence is executed?" asked some one, I know not who. I could not see his face; my sight and senses seemed failing me.

"Nothing," I said, and my voice sounded strange and far away—"nothing, except that I am innocent."

My sight cleared again. I saw a smile on the face of the chief officer of the prison. I am glad to be able to write that I forgave him for it; why should I not? I feel he was not to blame. He had been hearing that dying plea for many years, no doubt (for he was old and wrinkled and white-haired), and from so many, that it had no meaning to him now; it was simply an old, old story, a worn-out falsehood. I only wonder how many of all those who had desperately asserted their innocence to this man, when their lives had only minutes left, had, like myself, told but the simple truth.

They drew my elbows harshly back. I would have fought them then, but it was too late. They bound my arms and my wrists. I was helpless in their hands.

I cast one lingering look at sky and trees and hills. They had never seemed so beautiful before. It was hard, very hard, to die thus—so well and strong and vigorous.

Some thick, black thing was drawn down over my eyes. I felt the rope adjusted to my neck. I heard the voice of the clergyman, stately and dignified and solemn; but whether he was talking to me or for me, I could not determine; perhaps he was more interested in making an impression upon the prison officials than he was in the welfare of the dying stranger going to a felon's fate.

"Be careful now! Don't break the fellow's neck! Let him strangle, for I don't want my specimen spoiled! It will take longer and hurt him more; but what is he to the sacred interests of science—"

It was the voice of the hateful Italian doctor. I tried to raise my hands in protest, but they were bound. I strove to speak, but the thick covering over my head shut in my voice.

Then, while he was still speaking, the support beneath my feet gave way! I plunged downward in the darkness, straining at my bonds that I might clutch at something—failing in every desire and every effort.

I cannot describe the pain which thrilled every nerve when the cruel noose stopped my descent. There seemed a blaze of fire before my eyes; my brain seemed pressing outward against the resisting walls of my skull; I fought for breath; my lungs were useless; my heart seemed like a burning coal in my breast, and its mighty efforts to keep the current of life moving shook and jarred every sensitive fibre in my being.

I felt the muscles of my arms and legs draw and quiver—felt them grow numb and useless—felt them hanging as dead weights without sensation or strength. I did not need breath now. My heart was giving up its race against the destroyer. I could feel the circulation grow slow—slower—stop! My brain was going; I could not remember why I was dying—nor where; I had forgotten my name; I had forgotten to love life; I had forgotten that there was such a thing as death; I was drifting out into nothingness, unknowing and uncaring.

My head drooped to one side. My lips fell apart. The darkness shut down closer and closer about me. I thought, just as the end came, and vaguely wondered what the thought could mean, "Happy—to—die—for—the—Lady—Ilga—"

### CHAPTER XIX.—THE WORK AND WAGES OF ILLEON BRAJAZZI.

THERE seemed to have been long years of silence and oblivion between my execution and the moment when I first began to grope for knowledge and struggle for the memory of my identity again.

There was utter darkness all about me. I could not move a muscle. I did not breathe. The blood was not flowing in my brain and arteries. My heart did not beat. There was no warmth anywhere in my body.

There was no thought in my brain. There was no feeling—no will. I did not know I had ever lived before. I did not know what life was. I had no curiosity as to the past, no care regarding the present, no dread of the future. It is difficult to explain the positive side of this condition of negations. Perhaps I can make it no plainer than to say I was conscious of myself—not of identity, not of existence, but of less than the imagination can picture to one who has never returned from the gates of the silent world as I came back. I will not write, for I am trying to write only what is true beyond any reasonable doubt, that I lived; I am only sure that there was somewhere in my silent frame a tiny spark which might kindle to the flame which we call life, again.

Slowly—slowly—oh, so slowly—I came back. The darkness lessened; no light yet—no, not that, but the blackness was not quite so dense and all-pervading. I could feel a stir in my breast; I could not understand it then, nor did I try to nor care to, but I know now that it lay the hope that some time my heart would beat again.

For what seemed an endless duration I heard nothing and saw nothing. I did not miss my senses, for I did not know that their existence was possible.

Slowly, feeling came back, and I knew vaguely that my every nerve was a highway over which the fiercest pains were thrilling, though I could not feel them yet. I felt my heart beat—once; beat as slowly and suddenly as you may have seen an engine-piston move when the engine is started; beat as though it would never move the sluggish tide of life again—nor try. I felt it take up its burden again, weakly and unwillingly. A faint breath fluttered across my lips.

There was a buzzing sound in my ears. Lights flickered and flashed. A spasm of pain filled me from head to foot.

Suddenly sense and memory came back. I remembered something of the past. There was John Adams Sylvester; let me see; I knew him well, did I not? I hesitated, faltered, grasped the truth and held firmly to it; I was John Adams Sylvester. There was a Lady Ilga—Ilga, wasn't it? Yes, Ilga. Did she love me or did I love her? Or did each love the other? I hoped the latter was true. I satisfied my inquisitive self that I certainly loved her. And Hilda? Wasn't there a Hilda somewhere? Did I know her, or had I only heard of her? Wasn't there some sort of story of her getting hurt, or killed, or something? And the Count Varraz? Surely there was a Count Varraz?

I groped no longer. I remembered all. My youth, my dream, my fortune, my journey, all these were clear to me. The scene in the wood where I met the count; the dinner at his house; my enforced journey to his castle; my life there; the finding of Hilda; my arrest; my trial; my execution; I remembered them all.

Hearing was coming back to me, though I could neither see nor move nor speak yet, and the sounds I heard were not particularly reassuring to one who was not yet quite sure whether the life that was coming into his possession was that which belonged on the hither side of the grave or the thither one. I never heard such oaths before—one long, unbroken torrent of curses and imprecations—while the words seemed to crowd and jostle each other, and to tumble over one another in the horrid haste of the speaker. English, German, French, Spanish, Italian, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and a score of languages whose identities I could not determine, furnished each its full share to the wild carnival of blasphemy. There was no hesitation; there were no mistakes; every word was horribly forceful; taken for what it was, the performance was perfect in its way.

As I hinted before, I was getting anxious to know whether I was alive or dead! One person was evidently doing all the talking, but he was undoubtedly much nearer at hand than was pleasant to contemplate! And those sharp twinges of pain, growing in frequency and intensity and duration; they puzzled and worried me quite as much as they hurt. I feared my death had been a greater misfortune to me than I had anticipated.

By-and-by I got my sight. I found myself lying on a peculiarly shaped table, in a dimly lighted room. I was upon my back, but my head was turned to one side a little, and while I could see something of the room and its furnishings at my left, I could not look in the direction of the voice I had heard speaking so profanely. I could not turn my head. I could not even move a finger. Whether I had opened my eyelids or whether they had been open all the time, I do not know. It is certain that I had not the power to close them. There were seven narrow windows on the side of the room towards which my eyes were turned. On the window-edges were bottles and glasses of all shapes and sizes, strange instruments, vessels of earthen and porcelain, and many things which I could not quite make out in the semi-darkness. In the spaces between some of the windows were shelves laden with huge and ancient-looking volumes; in others of the spaces there were anatomical specimens, some of them ghastly and horrible. A furnace was situated in the corner of the room, and over it a retort was standing, heated to a bright white heat. There were tables scattered about the room, variously loaded: on one, a globe; on another, a pile of maps; on a third, a heap of disordered manuscript; on others, various things which I had not the patience and energy to make out.

There were wires stretched along wall and ceiling in many places, and at one or two places I caught a glimpse of little showers of sparks which told of the uses to which the wires were being put.

A greater spasm of pain than I had suffered yet shook me from head to foot. I raised one of my hands; I moved uneasily upon my hard couch; a long sigh broke from my lips.

I heard the sigh answered by another, a long-drawn breath of weariness and relief.

"Turn it off—and go!" said the voice I had heard before.

I heard footsteps creep hurriedly away. A door or two opened and shut. I turned slowly and weakly on to my other side.

"Well, Mr. Sylvester, you miserable fool," growled a voice, which paused then from anything so commonplace as ordinary conversation to heap for fully five minutes the bitterest curses upon me that the united resources of twenty or more languages could furnish—"well, Mr. Sylvester, you thought it beneath you to answer my request at all, did you? You considered it better to leave it to the authorities who were to hang you—eh? I'd like to know, idiot that you are, where in all Hades you think you'd be now if they or you had said 'No'?"

The furious speaker was Dr. Brajazzi. I tried to rise to a sitting posture. The doctor laid his hand upon my breast as gently as a tender mother might touch a sick child.

"Lie still for a little," he said, in a voice of marvelous sweetness; "lie still for a little. I can-

not have you risk the results of all my labor now." He turned and touched a bell. I heard a door open behind me. He looked that way. "Food," he cried; "bring food and wine. Be quick about it."

I looked at the man. He seemed taller and thinner and paler than he had before. But his face seemed almost handsome now, and kind and good and strong. I wondered why I had let myself hate him, just before I was hanged.

"May—may I talk, doctor?" I asked, faintly, feeling myself as weak as an infant.

The doctor smiled and shook his head.

"Wait a little. You will be all right presently. You would find yourself too weak to talk now, even if I gave you permission to do so."

So I remained silent, finding it joy enough to be alive again, finding the greatest of happiness in feeling my heart beat and my lungs breathe. It is a very great thing to be alive, good friends, though you will probably never realize it to the extent that I do, for getting the experience I have involves pain—and risk!

The food came. There was the whitest of bread and the reddest of wine. There were meats and milk and fruit. I stretched out my eager hand.

The doctor smiled again, and shook his head. With much care, he took out his watch, opened it, noted the time it showed, and laid it upon a small stand near him. Then he turned out a teaspoonful or so of wine, and gave it to me; he gave me one tiny morsel of bread; he took for himself just as much as he had given me.

We waited some minutes. Then he gave me more and took more himself; this time we had each a mouthful of meat, and one thin slice from a rich, ripe orange.

We waited again; not so long this time.

"If you will eat and drink slowly now, you may have so much," he said, and he gave me a liberal portion of each of the kinds of food which had been brought. And we ate and drank there together.

"Come," he said, when I had finished, "we both need sleep and rest."

And he held out his hand and helped me down from the table. I should have fallen to the floor if it had not been for him; every muscle ached when I attempted to use them; my neck was sore and swollen.

He led me out through an open door, into a bedroom so small and dainty and pure that I could have cried for very joy at the sight of it. He helped me to a place upon the bed. He drew the coverings up over me. I was asleep before he had finished, and my latest memory before that welcome slumber was of his thin, grave face bending tenderly over me.

(To be continued.)

## THE NEW METHODIST BISHOPS.

(Continued from page 252.)

State. He accompanied Bishop E. M. Marvin in his tour round the world during the year 1876 and 1877. Shortly after his return (in 1877), he was elected President of Central College, which position he still holds. In 1878 he received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Emory College, of Georgia. He was appointed Chairman of the Centenary Committee, in which capacity he distinguished himself by his marked administrative ability and energy. Dr. Hendrix, by his scholarship and breadth of views, is widely known among the educators of the land. As a writer he has achieved a well-earned distinction, his book, "Around the World," having passed through several editions. As a preacher he is always spirited, strong and forcible. Being just thirty-nine years of age, he is the youngest bishop in this country.

REV. DR. WILLIAM WALLACE DUNCAN, of South Carolina, was born December 27th, 1839, at Randolph-Macon College, Mecklenburg County, Va., where his father, David Duncan, had been for many years Professor of Ancient Languages. He is a brother of the lamented Rev. James A. Duncan, D.D., of the Virginia Conference, and late President of Randolph-Macon College, and Thomas C. Duncan, killed at the bloody battle of Seven Pines, near Richmond, Va., May 31st, 1862. William W. Duncan was educated at Wafford College, Spartansburg, S. C., graduating there in the Summer of 1859. In 1859 he joined the Virginia Conference, and immediately engaged in pastoral work, and was so occupied when the South went into revolt. He entered the Confederate service as a chaplain, and continued as such until the surrender of General Lee, when he resumed his ministerial duties. In 1875 he was elected to the Chair of Mental and Moral Science in Wafford College, and upon accepting, withdrew from the Virginia Conference, and was admitted into the South Carolina Conference, where he has continued to labor ever since in the cause of religious education.

After the death, some years ago, of his brother, Rev. Dr. James A. Duncan, who was at the time President of Randolph-Macon College, the subject of this sketch was elected President of that old institution, but he preferred to remain at Wafford. The fact that he has been a delegate to each General Conference held since his removal to the Palmetto State, and chairman of the delegation to the present Conference, shows in what estimation he is held by the brethren of his adopted State. He was also a delegate to the Ecumenical Conference held in London a few years ago.

Dr. Duncan is a fine extempore speaker. As Financial Secretary of Wafford College, he has for eleven years traveled and spoken widely throughout South Carolina, and this experience has equipped him admirably for the new position, upon which he now enters.

REV. JOSEPH STAUNTON KEY, D. D., of Georgia, was born at La Grange, in that State, July 18th, 1829. His father, the Rev. Caleb W. Key, was for over half a century an itinerant Methodist preacher of the old school in the Georgia Conference, and his grandfather was a local preacher in the same State. He was converted in 1847, graduated from Emory College, Oxford, Ga., in 1848, and entered the old Georgia Conference in January, 1849. Upon the division of the Conference he was assigned to pastoral work in the South Georgia Conference, in which he has continued to labor up to the present. His work has been confined principally to Macon and Columbus. He labored in Macon and the Macon district for eleven years;



two terms of four years each as pastor of the Mulberry Street Methodist Church, Macon; and for thirteen years as pastor in the City of Columbus, and presiding elder of the Columbus District. The University of Georgia conferred on him the honorary degree of D. D. in 1867.

Bishop Key is a Trustee of Emory College, at Oxford, and of the Wesleyan Female College, at Macon; President of the Legal Conference, an incorporated body within the South Georgia Conference; he is also President of the Conference Board of Missions. The South Georgia Conference honored Dr. Key by appointing him a delegate to the Ecumenical Conference at London, and also to the Centennial Conference at Baltimore; but he was unavoidably absent from both. Bishop Key comes to the discharge of the important and high functions of his new position with large experience in the itinerant work, and thoroughly grounded in the orthodox faith. He is a hearty believer in the old Wesleyan formula of scriptural holiness, and holds firmly to the doctrine of eternal punishment, and to all the essential ideas of old-fashioned Methodism. Modern materialism finds no sympathy in either his head or heart. He is most popular in the charges where he is best known and has served longest.

#### DECORATION DAY IN NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN.

THE NATION'S TRIBUTES AT RIVERSIDE.

THE public observance of Decoration Day in New York city centered at the tomb of General Grant, at Riverside. This beautiful spot, favored by nature, and during the past few months transformed by the landscape-gardener's art into a well-ordered park, was the scene of an immense demonstration of popular affection for the dead commander. The assemblage can only be compared to that which gathered about the place on the 8th of August last, when, at the close of the funeral ceremonies, "taps" was sounded over the hero's grave.

As befitting the occasion, flowers were the great feature last Monday. It seemed as if all the woods, fields and gardens from here to Florida, and across the continent to California, had contributed their fairest blossoms to cover the great soldier's resting-place. As a matter of fact, all the States and Territories were represented. During the last two weeks of the month of May, the U. S. Grant Post, of Brooklyn, which had charge of the arrangements, found its task growing at a bewildering pace every day. It exceeded by far the expectations on which the plans for the ceremonies had been based, and offerings of flowers and requests for places were made in such numbers that more than one entire rearrangement of the order of things had to be made.

The military procession down-town was imposing and brilliant. The local posts of the Grand Army of the Republic, forming a total force of over 7,000, turned out, and many posts from New Jersey, from up the river and from adjacent towns visited New York and took position in the line. The First Division of the National Guard paraded with full ranks—this being the great parade of the year—as an escort to the Grand Army. Numerous organizations composed of the survivors of volunteer regiments that served in the war also joined the column, the showy uniforms worn by some of them adding to the kaleidoscopic color-effect. The parade was reviewed at the North Monument by Governor Hill, Generals Sheridan and Schofield, and other notables. President Cleveland and members of his Cabinet, being in Brooklyn during the morning, reviewing the procession in that city, were not able to take part in the review in New York.

The programme of the elaborate preparations for the decoration of the tomb of General Grant at Riverside Park was arranged by U. S. Grant Post No. 327. George G. Meade Post, of Philadelphia, of which General Grant was a member; U. S. Grant Post, of the same city, and U. S. Grant Post, of Boston, took part in the ceremonies in Brooklyn as guests of the Brooklyn post named in honor of the great captain. After the parade in that city they accompanied it and its invited guests, including the President of the United States, the Governors of several States, and many distinguished military and civil officers, to Riverside Park, where a vast concourse of people had gathered to witness the ceremonies, and to listen to Senator Logan's oration.

An idea of the result of the nation's floral tributory remembrance of General Grant's resting-place on this, the first Memorial Day after his death, may be obtained from our pictures. Not only the modest brick vault, but the hillside all around it, was fairly buried from sight under a mountain of floral tributes forwarded from cities and towns in every State in the Union, as well as from foreign countries.

The decorations of the tomb filled a space more than twelve feet high and an arch of nineteen feet and six inches. Around the tomb was hung a heavy circle of ivy, while the background of the front was of smilax. At the top of the arch two crosses four feet in height were planted in the ivy facing each other. A little below, and within the arch, was a design of a dove, indicating peace. Towards the centre of the front of the tomb hung a magnificent crown, with two laurel wreaths. On either side of the portal, near the base, were two scrolls. The one on the right contained the word "Peace," and the other "Fini." These designs represented Grant's finished "Memoirs." In large letters a foot high were the words, "Faithful unto Death," following the curve of the tomb from one side around the top to the other side of the front. Surrounding the letter "G" in the door of the tomb hung a wreath. In front of it stood a cannon six feet long, and made of immortelles, upon which rested a dove. The flowers used in these designs were chiefly calla-lilies, ascension-lilies, carnations and the lily-of-the-valley.

On the evening of Decoration Day the veterans and their friends assembled at the Academy of Music, where an oration was delivered by Postmaster-general Vilas, and patriotic recitations given by well-known members of the dramatic profession. Distinguished singers helped to make the occasion one of memorable interest.

#### THE MARRIAGE AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

THE dénouement of President Cleveland's hymeneal plot has come with dramatic suddenness. Up to last Friday morning everybody was in the dark; and when the Red Star steamer *Noordland*, with Miss Folsom on board, arrived off Quarantine the evening before, to be met by Colonel Lamont in the revenue cutter *Chandler*, the Sun was the only newspaper that had a tug down the Bay. But the mystery could not be kept much longer; and on Friday the President gave a quietus to all doubts and speculations

by authorizing the announcement that he would be married to Miss Frances Folsom, at the White House, Washington, on Wednesday evening, the 2d of June.

The President had been somewhat unjustly criticized for not avowing his intentions sooner. As a matter of fact, however, the date of the wedding had not been fixed, and the death of Colonel Folsom made it uncertain whether the marriage could take place in June. It was not until after the arrival of the bride-elect that the decision was made to hasten instead of postponing the event—which will be a somewhat less ceremonious affair than was at first contemplated.

The ceremony, then, will be performed this (Wednesday) evening, at seven o'clock, in the well-known Blue Room, where the President receives diplomatic representatives and the throngs of visitors on his reception days. The Rev. Byron Sunderland, the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Washington, where President Cleveland has a pew, will officiate. Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland has charge of all the household arrangements for the wedding. Her sister, Mrs. Hoyt, will be the only other representative of the President's family at the marriage. The members of the bride's family who will be present are her mother, and Mr. Benjamin Folsom, who will give away the bride. Colonel and Mrs. Lamont will be the only other guests besides the members of the Cabinet and their families. No ostentatious preparations have been made at the White House; but there will be floral decorations and orchestral music.

The bride and groom do not propose to hurry off for a wedding journey, but for the present will remain quietly at the White House. Nor will the President make a regular Summer residence of "Pretty Prospect," his recently acquired property on the heights above Georgetown. It is intended only to serve as a convenient refuge from visitors and social cares, when important business matters shall require the President's uninterrupted attention. Later in the season, after the adjournment of Congress, he will undoubtedly take his usual vacation trip.

President Cleveland met his fiancée in New York on Decoration Day. The past two or three days have been busy ones for him. He left Washington on Sunday night, reviewed the Decoration Day parade in Brooklyn the next morning, was present at the services at the New York Academy of Music in the evening, and back in Washington the next morning. Miss Folsom and her mother went to Washington on Tuesday.

This evening, June showers its roses on the bridal pathway, and amidst the congratulations of the whole country, the White House is for the first time in many years graced with orange-blossoms.

#### THE BERLIN ART EXHIBITION.

THE Jubilee Exhibition of the Berlin Academy of Arts, formally opened by Emperor William on May 23d, is a great success. The buildings are in Exhibition Park, and cover 13,000 square metres. Sixteen hundred German and foreign works are exhibited. Among the German artists the works exhibited by the painters of Munich are considered to be strongest. Uhde sends a fine rendering of "The Last Supper," Keller a striking study of "The Raising of Jairus's Daughter," and Wolf a showy picture of "The Woman Taken in Adultery." Dieffenbach, Brandt, Von Werner and Piloty exhibit old works. The English section is small, but it is composed of choice pictures. Whistler sends a fine portrait of Carlyle. Poynter, Tadmira, Millais, Leighton, Woodville, Gow, Brett, Holman, Hunt and Crane all contribute pictures. France is scarcely represented. Notable collections are furnished by Italy, Belgium, Sweden and Holland. A Künstlerfest will be held early in June. In the procession will be represented the triumphal entry of the Roman Army into Rome on its return from the destruction of Jerusalem. The details will be copied from the bas-reliefs on the column of Trajan. A *fac simile* of the Arch of Titus is being erected in Alencastre. Among the features will be captive Jewish maidens, the spoils of the Temple, dancing Roman girls, elephants, lions and tigers, groups of musicians playing on antique instruments—in short, every equipment of the Roman triumph. The cost of the display will be enormous.

#### MEXICO AND THE MEXICANS.

JOAQUIN MILLER, in one of his recent letters from Mexico, gives the result of his observations as to the resources of the country, the character of the people, etc., in his usual free-handed way. We quote: "Would I advise Americans to settle in Mexico? Most heartily! Not with the notion of absorbing Mexico, mind you. I despise all who talk such nonsense. He who does not know that nature and nature's God has made and will for ever keep this land and this people free and independent after their fashion has seen but little of this world, traced but little of man's history."

"Nor would I advise you to come here for gold and silver, as you went to California long ago. My notion of mines here is not a high one. The cheapest labor in the world, the hardest masters in the world, the most patient slaves in the world—all these facts in operation for centuries have left the mines of Mexico almost beyond the redemption of even American machinery."

"But I would advise you to come here to plant and to plow. Mexico sends to the States for corn. I saw one of those little broom-corn brushes which are peddled about New York at ten cents in a window yesterday and bought it. Fifty cents! Chairs like the one in which I sit as I write, a cheap affair, are sold for about \$15 per dozen in New York, but the duty is \$60 per dozen."

"I might fill out my letter with like things, but this will serve to show that Americans are needed here. And how these imitative and honest little Aztecs would learn! Only some one to teach them how to begin; all the rest would follow."

"I have some English friends here who have built three different paper-mills on the little mountain streams tumbling into this round, rich Valley of Mexico. By chance, ten years ago, they planted a few *eucalyptus*, or Australian gum-trees; to-day these trees could be sold for \$10 each. The other day, the gardener on the Grand Plaza cut down a tree planted by the Emperor Maximilian, and was offered \$25 for the wood it contained. My English friends of the paper-mills have now nearly 200,000 trees planted. In ten years they will be by far the richest men in Mexico."

"At the price timber sells here now, I could take fifty acres of land in this valley and be a millionaire in ten years, and not do a stroke of work or lay out a cent except for taxes. I could take any of this cheap but fertile mountain land, plant it in 'century plants,' as we call the maguay in the States, and make my investment more than double

itself every year, and not take a particle of risk or go to a dollar of cost, for the century-plant only asks to be let alone; and whether it is let alone or not, in five years every one of the hundred you can plant on an acre of ground will bring you a \$10 gold piece."

"As for morality—morality of all sorts—outside of gambling, the standard is conspicuously higher than in any part of the United States. Bear in mind, I speak advisedly. My trade as a traveler, my persistent intercourse with these people, which long acquaintance makes easy—all these things contribute to lay Mexico bare before me, and I take the responsibility of writing it down that, outside of the cheats at the stores and hotels, the Mexican men and the Mexican women are the most honest, pure-minded and simple-hearted people I ever met in all my experience."

"Now, mind you, I do not include the officials. I should like to, but I cannot. I will say, however, that the Government officials of Mexico city will compare favorably with the traditional Government official in our own Federal capital."

#### A RIVAL FOR SUGAR.

THE Chicago News says: "Chemistry has recently given to the world another food element which, like oleomargarine, butterine, etc., will probably arouse the ire of the producer of the natural article until Congress will be called on to legislate for the protection of the sugar-cane. 'Saccharine,' discovered by C. Fahlberg, is derived from one of the hydrocarbons of coal-tar. It is a white powder, dissolving very slowly in cold water, but more readily in warm, and perfectly in alcohol, ether, glucose, glycerine, etc. In diluted solution it is intensely sweet, one part in 10,000 parts of water giving a very sweet taste, or about 230 times sweeter than the best cane sugar. It has no nutritive properties, but is eliminated from the system without undergoing change. Mixed with glucose, or starch sugar, in the proportion of one part to 1,000 or 2,000, it forms a compound scarcely distinguishable from the best sugar, and very considerably cheaper than the product of the cane."

"Saccharine" has been carefully investigated, as to its physiological properties, by Dr. Stutzer, of Bonn, and others, who claim that in the quantities necessary to sweeten food it has no injurious effect on the system. Fed to dogs in quantity equal to two and a quarter pounds of sugar a day, the animals remained in health during the entire course of the experiments. Patients suffering from diabetes, in which disease real sugar is interdicted, have been treated with 'saccharine' & discretion in one of the principal hospitals of Berlin for several months, without in any wise aggravating their malady. In this respect, at least, the new discovery is already of value, and there seems little room to doubt that this product of a refuse is destined to become an important rival to beet-root and cane sugar."

#### GAMBLERS AND CHURCHES.

A CORRESPONDENT writing from Leadville, Col., says: "A friend, who has for two years been doing mission work here, tells me that he has from two to eighteen gamblers in his evening audiences every Sunday. 'Why don't you come round to get us help you pay your salary?' said one of them to him. 'I ask no man to help pay my salary,' was the answer. But when he needed money for repairs he went to his friend. 'We want to put new paper and fixtures in the little church round the corner'; what will you do for us?' 'Give me a paper and we'll see.' The paper was drawn up and soon returned with \$220, all pledged and paid by professional gamblers, besides \$25 from a Jew. The pastor does not believe in gamblers yet, but he believes they may be reached and saved. The gambling halls of this city show a frequent originality in vice which takes them out of the low monotony of wickedness. 'The Little Church' is the title of one of the saloons. The proprietor of the most noted establishment in the city is, I regret to say, a Massachusetts boy. On a desk at the very entrance to his saloon lies a large open family Bible. I have seen many unused Bibles of this sort in Christian families. I never saw anywhere in church or home a large Bible so thumbled and worn, bearing such marks of constant and respectful usage, as this Bible in the chief gambling den of Leadville. In what spirit of blasphemous bravado the proprietor keeps it in this conspicuous place, in what spirit of reckless devilry or idle curiosity its leaves may have been turned by the thousands who must have touched it, I cannot say. But there it is, a pearl cast before swine, perhaps, yet by its presence ever testifying of purity and of goodness amid all that is impure, mean and bestial."

#### THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

A GLUE which will resist the action of water is made by boiling one pound of common glue in two quarts of skimmed milk.

PROFESSOR HELMHOLTZ has confirmed the statements of Mr. John Atkin, that the formation of cloud in saturated air is induced solely by particles of dust.

It is said that stove-pipes may be perfectly cleared of soot by putting a piece of zinc on the coals of a hot fire. The vapor decomposes and carries off the soot.

COPPER-PLATING sheet-iron and steel is a new industry established at Carondelet, Mo. The process in use is an English invention, and the samples show work of superior merit; but whether copper-covered plates can be produced so as to compete with galvanized iron is still a question to be determined.

A NEW remedy for hydrophobia is reported from Russia. It is the onion-shaped root of the water plantain, which is gathered in August, dried and grated, and the powder thus procured administered to the patient with his food. It is said that two or three doses will cure hydrophobia in its acute stage, and has never been known to fail.

A STRIKING illustration of the value of the camera to astronomy is furnished by the recent discovery of a nebula near the star Maia in the Pleiades. Until photographed at the Paris Observatory this nebula had never been seen with the best glasses, although it has since been detected with the great telescope of the Pulkova Observatory. The Emperor of Brazil now announces his determination to co-operate at the Rio de Janeiro Observatory in the general project of photographing the entire heavens, already begun at Paris with such unexpected success.

#### PERSONAL GOSSIP.

SENATOR FRYE is angling for trout in the Rangely lakes.

THE gross receipts of Mary Anderson's season are given as \$311,000.

SHAKESPEARE'S tomb was visited during the last year by no fewer than 14,000 persons.

THE widow of General Grant, with the family of Colonel Fred. Grant, will spend the Summer at West Point.

QUEEN VICTORIA has ordered the royal box put in preparation for occupancy during the forthcoming operatic season in London.

SECRETARY MANNING continues to improve slowly. It is thought that he will not resume his official duties until at least next Autumn.

It is reported that the betrothal of Princess Louise, eldest daughter of the Prince of Wales, to Prince Oscar, son of the King of Sweden, will be officially declared soon.

DR. FRANCISCO ANTONIO VIDAL has resigned the Presidency of the Republic of Uruguay. General Maximo Santos, at present Vice-president, has been appointed to succeed him.

COUNT HERBERT VON BISMARCK's elevation to the dignity of Foreign Secretary will net him a snug little salary of 50,000 marks, only 4,000 marks less than his father's official income.

EX-QUEEN ISABELLA has given the Queen Regent Christina of Spain the christening robe of the late King Alfonso. It is of Malines lace, trimmed with watered ribbons, embroidered with Bourbon lilies. The prospective King wore it at his christening.

JOHN DEERE, the great plow-manufacturer of Moline, Ill., is dead, at the ripe age of eighty-two. He had been making plows for fifty years, beginning with three in 1837, and turning out as many as 75,000 in recent years. He leaves a fortune estimated at a million and a half.

REV. ARBOTT E. KITTRIDGE, a prominent Presbyterian divine of Chicago, has accepted a call to a New York city church. Dr. Kittredge has built up the largest congregation in Chicago, and has attracted a large public attention by his denunciation of supposed municipal corruption.

ROSWELL P. FLOWER has been appointed by Governor Hill, of New York, Electrical Subway Commissioner for New York city. The Louisville Courier-Journal thinks it is probable that the Governor intends thus to put Mr. Flower into the way of reaching the White House by the underground route.

GENERAL LOGAN's literary workshop is as severe as the cell of a Capuchin monk. A single table, with a cloth top, and three chairs, make up its furniture. The table is littered with papers and books. Into this den nobody except the general's clerk ever intrudes when he is in the throes of literary composition.

THE British Minister at Washington, the Hon. Lionel West, has abandoned his intention of accompanying his daughters home this Summer, as the fishery trouble has entailed a great deal of work upon the Legation. The three Misses West, accompanied by their governess and chaperon, Madame Bonny, will sail for England July 10th. They go late, to avoid the London season, and will spend three months very quietly in England, varied with a short visit to France.

A LADY was recently bantering Congressman Morrison about Senator Logan having been put in the same cot with him after the battle of Fort Donelson, where both were wounded. He said: "Yes; and they put him on the sore side of me, too, confound it." "And he has been on the sore side of you ever since, has he not?" she playfully asked. "Yes," replied Mr. Morrison, good-humoredly, "he rather got the better of me when we tackled each other for the Senate."

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES is overwhelmed by the attentions of his British admirers. Last week he was given a reception at St. George's Club, where Cardinal Manning, Hobson Hunt, Mr. Millais, Lord Napier, Edmund Yates, Henry Irving, Tom Hughes, and dozens of other distinguished persons, assembled to meet him. He is to visit Tennyson, who is ill at home, and will attend dinners to be successively given by the leading medicals, and Edwin Arnold, Robert Browning and others.

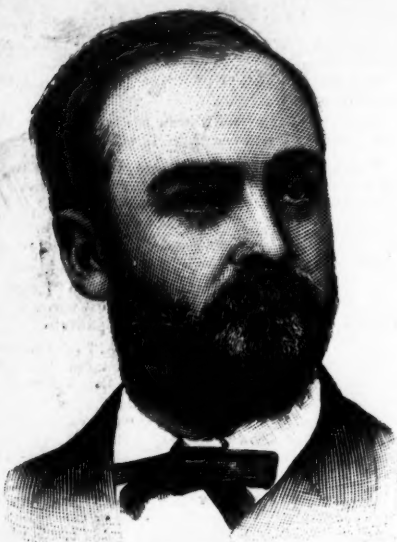
Mrs. Holt, of Macon, Ga., to whom it is again said Secretary Lamar will be married this Summer, is described as a fine-looking, well-preserved woman of the blonde type, about fifty-five years of age. She was a Miss Dean, a descendant of an old and wealthy Georgia family, and prior to her marriage to General Holt there is believed to have been a romantic attachment between her and Mr. Lamar, but for unknown reasons they separated. She is reputed to be one of the wealthiest women in Georgia.

At the request of numerous interested persons, Secretary of State Bayard recently telegraphed to the United States Ministers at St. Petersburg and Teheran for instruction in regard to Thomas Stevens, who was arrested in Afghanistan on his journey around the world on a bicycle. An answer has been received from the Minister at Teheran, saying that Stevens is a British subject, and was not allowed to go through Afghanistan, and that he is now on his way back to Constantinople. From here he will seek to work his way through India.

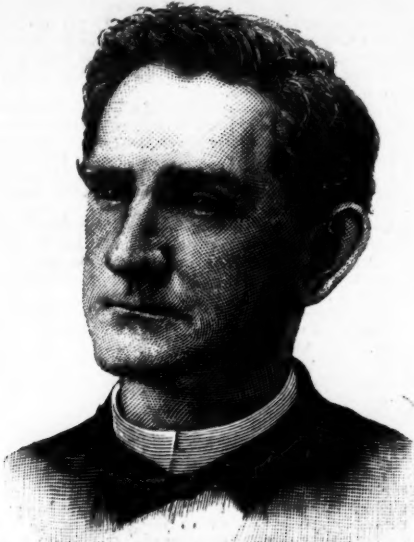
UNITED STATES MINISTER WINSTON has been heard from at Teheran. A French inn-keeper at the Persian capital started the story that Winston was worth \$40,000,000. When he got there the crack Persian troops were drawn up to receive him, and he was given an Arab steed from the Shah's stables to ride, the bridle, stirrups and trappings being splendid with gold. At the pawwow with the Shah, the latter expressed himself in kindly terms, and hoped Mr. Winston would take his pick of blooded horses. This Mr. Winston begged to decline, and the interview ended with salaams.

MR. CARLYLE's old home in Cheyne Row, London, is described as "desolate, grimy, untenanted." Dirty notices of "To Let" stared from the shuttered windows, the steps were foul, the area-windows cracked, and the whole aspect of the front most depressing. There is even a legend in the locality that the owner expects some American Maccenas to cross the Atlantic to buy up No. 24 Cheyne Row, and transport it, bricks, mortar, window-sashes and all, to some American Babylon, there to re-erect it in honor of a prophet unhonored in his own land. Who knows what may happen in these latter days!

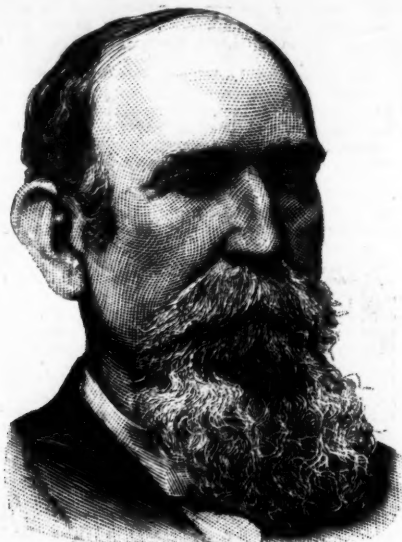




MISSOURI.  
REV. EUGENE RUSSELL HENDRIX, D.D.



SOUTH CAROLINA.  
REV. WM. WALLACE DUNCAN, D.D.



GEORGIA.  
REV. JOSEPH STAUNTON KEY, D.D.



MISSISSIPPI.  
REV. CHARLES BETTS GALLOWAY, D.D.

### THE NEW BISHOPS OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH.

FROM PHOTOS. BY DAVIS, OF RICHMOND.

#### THE NEW METHODIST BISHOPS.

WE give on this page portraits of the four additional Bishops elected at the recent Conference at Richmond, Va., of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. This Conference was attended by delegates from all the Southern States; and by representatives of religious bodies in other parts of the Union, Canada, etc. Its proceedings were marked throughout by extraordinary interest. The election of additional Bishops was rendered imperatively necessary by the rapid growth and expansion of Methodism at the South, and the Conference seems to have been especially fortunate in the selections made, all the new officials being men of distinguished capacity and conspicuous Christian character.

REV. CHARLES BETTS GALLOWAY, D.D., was born in Kosciusko, Miss., September 1st, 1849, and joined the Methodist Church in 1866. He was graduated

at the University of Mississippi in the Class of 1868, and entered the Methodist itineracy in the Fall of the same year. Yielding to importunity, he became for a time a Professor in the Madison Male College; but finding that the duties of the position trammelled him in his ministerial work, he abandoned the post and gave his whole service to the Church. From that time forward his career has been one of honorable achievement. He has filled the most responsible positions in his own Conference, and has been offered some of the most important pastorates in the Southern Church. Dr. Galloway is a man of great moral courage, and never hesitates in the performance of a duty because it may provoke criticism or censure. He was the pioneer in the cause of Prohibition in Mississippi, and never for a moment faltered in its support, though often threatened with personal violence by his enemies, and at times abandoned by his friends. To him, probably more than to any

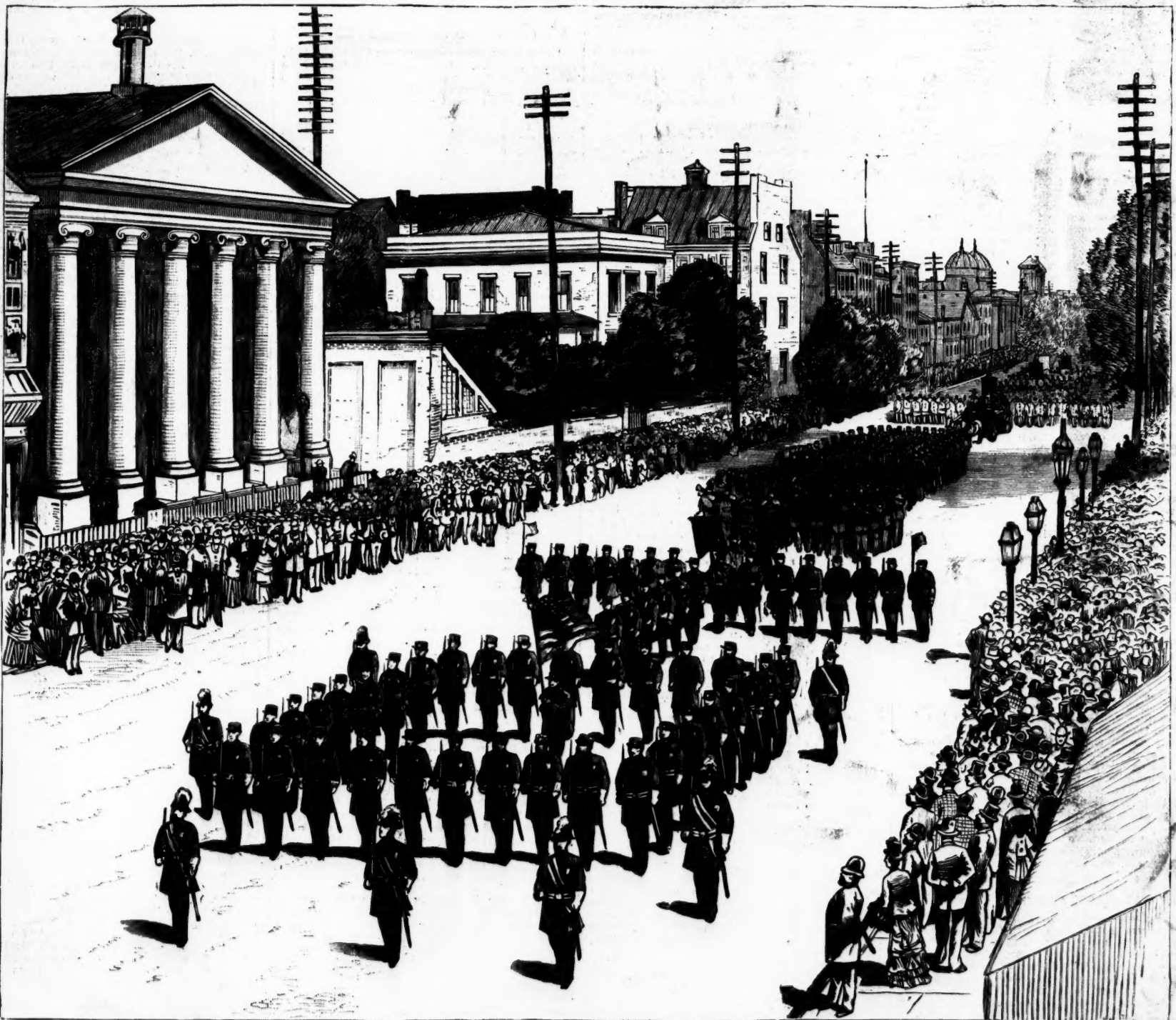
living man, is due the credit of having popularized the temperance movement among the people of Mississippi. For the last four years Dr. Galloway has been editor of the *New Orleans Christian Advocate*. He is the author also of several published volumes, notable among which is the "Hand-book of Prohibition," a campaign document bristling with facts and thrilling with eloquent appeals. His "Life of Linus Parker, D.D., the Editor-Bishop," is just from the press, and is a most captivating portraiture of a beautiful and noble life.

Dr. Galloway's pulpit style is highly ornate. His manner is earnest, inspiring the conviction that his utterances come right from a heart throbbing under the conception of their truth. It is an especially honorable fact, in connection with his career, that the colored people of his native State have been his most enthusiastic admirers, and that he has found his purest pleasure

in preaching to them. He received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from his *Alma Mater* in 1882. He also holds a position on the Mississippi Board of Trust, to which he was appointed by the Governor of the State.

REV. EUGENE RUSSELL HENDRIX, D.D., President of Central College, of Missouri, was born May 17th, 1847, in Fayette, Howard County, that State, and was educated at Central College, in his native town. He also graduated at the Wesleyan University in 1867, and the Union Theological Seminary, of New York city, in 1869. He was admitted to full membership of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in 1869, and after graduating at the Union Theological Seminary, was admitted into the Missouri Conference during the Fall of that year (1869). He became pastor successively of the church at Leavenworth, Macon, Glasgow, and St. Joseph, of that

(Continued on page 253.)



PENNSYLVANIA.—PARADE OF THE SUPREME CASTLE, KNIGHTS OF THE GOLDEN EAGLE, IN PHILADELPHIA, MAY 26TH.—THE PROCESSION MOVING ALONG BROAD STREET.  
FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 245.

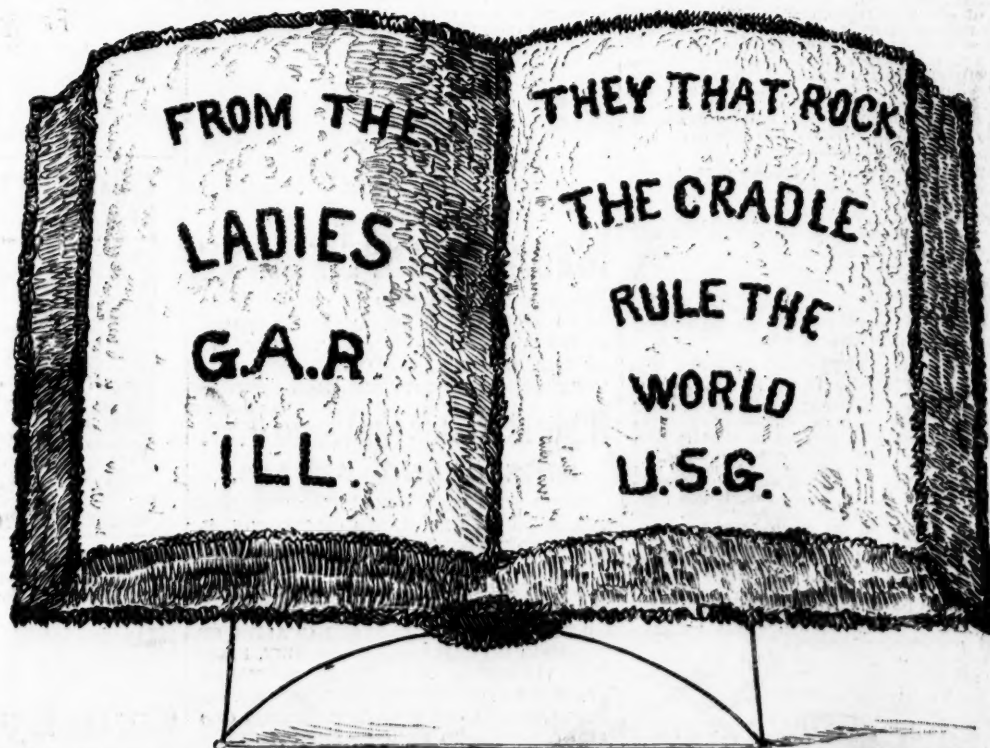




SEATTLE WASH. TERRITORY



PHILADELPHIA GRAMMER SCHOOL



MEMORIAL DAY IN NEW YORK CITY.—SOME OF THE FLORAL TRIBUTES TO THE MEMORY OF GENERAL GRANT.

FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 251.



NEWS OF THE WEEK.  
DOMESTIC.

EX-ALDERMAN MICHAEL DUFFY, of New York city, was arrested last week on another charge of bribery.

GENERAL CLINTON B. FISK has been nominated as the Prohibitionist candidate for Governor of New Jersey.

THE Massachusetts General Court has voted to restrict the hours of labor for women and children to ten hours per day.

FORTY-SEVEN Philadelphia manufacturers of hosiery and knit goods, employing over 12,000 hands, have organized for mutual protection against the extravagant demands of their employees.

## FOREIGN.

QUEEN VICTORIA has gone to Balmoral, where she will remain until the last of June.

THE cholera continues to spread in Venice. Thirty-five new cases were reported in one day last week.

THE Arms Bill passed its third reading in the British House of Commons, last week, by a vote of 156 to 65.

THE *British Medical Journal* announces that "the investigation which is being conducted under the direction of the British Hydrophobia Commission has, so far as it has yet gone, afforded confirmation of the truth of certain points of great importance maintained by M. Pasteur. Little doubt now remains that the virus used by him in his experiments is the true virus of rabies."

TUXEDO PARK, the Lorillard estate of 6,000 acres, thirty-eight miles northwest of New York, upon which the labor of thousands of men and nearly one million dollars in money have been expended during the past six months, is formally opened by the Tuxedo Club this week. Rare scenic beauty—"Tuxedo" in Indian is "Beautiful View"—and historic interest—Washington and his Revolutionary Army having crossed the tract by roads now plainly visible—fishing, rowing, hunting and mountain air, excellent Erie train-service, and perfect police and sanitary regulations, will make Tuxedo Park one of the most notable and restful resorts. The Club House is a model, with most complete and luxurious appointments; and the cottages, from Bruce Price's designs, some already completed, are owned and will be occupied by the representative families of New York society. Tuxedo, which is to be open all the year round, has been owned by the Lorillard family since 1812, and to the energy and liberality of Mr. Pierre Lorillard is due its present transformation and development.

## FUN.

For a baby there should always be a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip.

THE coinage of buckwheat cakes will cease with the present month.

WHEN a man says he is badly cut up, it is fair to presume that he has suffered harsh treatment.

HUMOR has no chance in England. A British canon has just denounced a brother clergyman for calling him a smooth-bore.

## THE ERIE'S SUMMER ATTRACTIONS.

"SUMMER HOMES AND RAMBLES ON THE PICTURESCAPE ERIE," just published by the Passenger Department of the New York, Lake Erie and Western Railroad, offers accommodations by actual count for more than 12,000 country visitors. Every possible taste will find in the long and varied list the features most desired, and when to the attractions of the resort are added the yearly increasing conveniences supplied by the Erie, the most exacting patron cannot be dissatisfied. For health, pleasure, diversion of mind or body, the territory and resorts of the Erie are full of resources, and the wisdom of the management in developing its local attractions is already amply demonstrated by a liberal share of the public patronage. During the ensuing Summer the Erie will inaugurate an excursion route from New York by boat up the Hudson to Newburgh; across Orange County to Warwick by rail; to Greenwood Lake by buckboard, through the Lake, and thence home by rail. All in one day and at a moderate figure, which will be sure to be an instant and popular success. "Summer Homes" this year is a model in size, shape, and style, and may be obtained at all the principal offices of the Erie.

## FAULTLESS COMPLEXION.

ANY of our lady readers who will send their address to the TOILET MASK COMPANY, 1164 Broadway, New York, and state that they are readers of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, will receive, without charge, a descriptive treatise explaining how to obtain a radiant and faultless complexion without the aid of poisonous cosmetics, powders, etc. We hope that every one of our lady readers will send for this treatise.

REV. W. W. CHRISTINE, of Florence, N. J., authorizes: "I have known of PALMER'S 'SKIN-SUCCESS' since 1849 (37 years), and have found it to be all that is claimed for it: A safe, sure, speedy Remedy for skin complaints of every name and degree."

A SOUND mind goes very seldom without a sound digestion, and nothing contributes towards it more than the use of ANGSTURA BITTERS, the world-renowned appetizer and invigorator, manufactured only by Dr. J. G. B. SIEBERT & SONS.

## "THROW PHYSIC TO THE DOGS"

WHEN it is the old-fashioned blue-mass, blue-pill sort; and insist on using Dr. PIERCE'S "PLEASANT PURGATIVE PELLETS," a modern medical luxury, being small, sugar-coated granules, containing the active principles of certain roots and herbs, and which will be found to contain as much cathartic power as any of the old-fashioned, larger pills, without the latter's violent, drastic effects. The pellets operate thoroughly, but harmlessly, establishing a permanently healthy action of the stomach and bowels, and as an anti-bilious remedy are unequalled.

## ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

\*\*\*\*\* PILES, fistula, rupture and stricture radically cured. Book of particulars, 10 cents in stamps. WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE,  
FOR OVERWORKED FEMALES.

DR. J. P. COWAN, Ashland, O., says: "It proves satisfactory as a nerve tonic; also in dyspeptic conditions of the stomach, with general debility, such as we find in overworked females, with nervous headache and its accompaniments."

"A little fire is quickly trodden out, which, being suffered, rivers cannot quench." Procrastination may rob you of time, but by increased diligence you can make up the loss; but if it rob you of life, the loss is irremediable. If your health is delicate, your appetite sickly, your sleep broken, your mind depressed, your whole being out of sorts, depend on it you are seriously diseased. In all such cases DR. PIERCE'S "GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY" will speedily effect a genuine, radical cure—make a new man of you, and save you from the tortures of lingering disease.

M. IRLENDE's miniature portraits on rock crystal, to the beauty and fidelity of which we have already called attention, have found quick appreciation in New York. They are beginning to fill the places formerly occupied by ivory miniatures in brooches, lockets, watches, etc., and they are a very satisfactory substitute, combining as they do photographic accuracy with artistic beauty.

## SPURIOUS WINES

## Dead Rats Used to Give Flavor.

It is astonishing the amount of acids, gums and dye-stuffs which are converted into palatable wines, and relished by the unsuspecting drinkers. Fortunes are being made at the business, and the health of the consumers ruined by the gigantic frauds in this line of trade. The opening wedge of the investigation of fraudulent proprietary medicines is being driven in by hard knocks from the aggrieved parties, and some such aggressive policy is necessary to stem the tide of adulteration and fraudulent manufacture of wines. Talks with various persons conversant with the subject have disclosed a lamentable lack of honesty in the preparation of medicinal wines and beverages. It is more the rule than the exception for port wine to be composed of elder, syrup, gum kino, and tartaric acid, and for claret to be made from a decoction of orris root, water, raspberry juice, syrup, and cochineal, while most of the sherry wine on the market is a combination of cheap materials colored with alkanet root. To bring up "flat" wine, a common practice is to drop a few rats into a cask through the bung-hole. The rat-flavor is said to be "perfectly delicious," but the sellers are careful not to sample it, leaving that delightful (?) privilege for the innocent buyers. Much of the imported stuff is hardly suitable for the swill-tub, much less to be sold over the counter for patients and table use. Artificial wines are manufactured extensively, and sold either alone or in admixtures with a certain proportion of genuine wine.—*The Druggists' Circular and Chemical Gazette*, p. 68, March, 1886.

## How the Public is Swindled.

How little thought the public gives to what it buys is illustrated by referring to the cheap and nasty preparations of "beef, iron and wine," "coca wine," etc., etc. A well-known chemist recently published the result of some investigations into these "cheap" offerings. He found that not a single sample of the quinine pills contained what was claimed. Many of the beef, iron and wine tonics contained not a single vestige of the beef, and barely a trace of iron, while the wines were so only in name. A horde of coca wines have sprung up of late. Coca is not only a scarce article—that is, a good, reliable article—but is also very expensive. In sixteen of the samples examined there was not a vestige of coca to be discovered, while in the other four there was hardly more than a trace. Common-sense ought to tell the average buyer that a good wine—such a one as is fit for persons out of health—is, in itself, an expensive item. Now add iron, beef, coca, etc., and only a veritable idiot can expect quality with cheapness. If honest druggists and honest preparations are to be driven to the wall, let that great ass, the public, blame itself for it. It is well known that the Liebig Company absorbs about all of the reliable coca that reaches our market, and that it uses nearly all of it in the preparation of its Coca Beef Tonic and Coca Wine.—*The American Scientist*.

THE GRAND  
MEDAL OF SUPERIORITY

AWARDED TO THE LIEBIG CO., OF NEW YORK, FOR ITS COCA BEEF TONIC PREPARATIONS, BY THE COMMITTEE OF JUDGES AND EXPERTS OF THE GRAND NATIONAL EXHIBITION OF THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK.

## Highest Medals the World Over.

## NINE GRAND MEDALS.

LIEBIG CO.'S COCA BEEF TONIC EMBODIES THE NUTRITIVE ELEMENTS OF THE MUSCULAR FIBRE, BLOOD, BONE AND BRAIN OF CAREFULLY SELECTED, HEALTHY BULLOCKS.

EACH TABLESPOONFUL REPRESENTS THE ESSENCE OF ONE OUNCE OF CHOICE BEEF IN SOLUTION IN A GUARANTEED QUALITY OF (SPANISH) IMPERIAL CROWN SHERRY, FROM THE VINEYARDS OF MESSRS. GONZALES, BYASS & CO., OF JEREZ. THE LIEBIG CO. IMPORTS ITS SHERRY DIRECT FROM THIS OLD AND CELEBRATED FIRM OF SHERRY GROWERS. AS AN EXAMPLE IT MAY BE STATED THAT, UNDER THE TERMS OF THE CONTRACT

FOR 1886, MESSRS. GONZALES, BYASS & CO. ARE REQUIRED TO DELIVER 5,000 GALLONS OF THE IMPERIAL CROWN SHERRY TO THE NEW YORK DEPOT ALONE OF THE LIEBIG LABORATORY AND CHEMICAL WORKS CO.

Liebig Co.'s Coca Beef Tonic also contains AN ASSURED QUALITY OF COCA. It also contains

CITRATE OF IRON,  
PURE QUININE,  
CALISAYA BARK.

It is not a secret preparation. Its ingredients are open and public, and it is guaranteed to contain not only ALL that we say it does, but (and in these days of adulteration this is of the highest importance) THE MATERIALS USED ARE GUARANTEED TO BE OF THE BEST.

Not every kind of sherry is adapted to the systems of those "out of health." It requires not only nicety of judgment in selecting an appropriate sherry, but also especial knowledge and skill to select a GENUINE SHERRY OF PROPER GRADE AND BODY. Nor does Coca blend well with every kind of wine. Herein lies the secret of the worthlessness of a attempts at competition with the Liebig Co.'s Coca Beef Tonic preparations. It seems unnecessary to say that sherry has always been the king of wines for invalids. Nor need we add that it is, if good, a costly wine. Buying it as we do by the thousands of gallons, direct from growers of the highest reputation, not only do we secure an assured quality of wine, but also at a price so far below that which the small buyer must pay, that it becomes self-evident that an article of the quality we offer cannot possibly be reproduced by small manufacturers. The thousands and hundreds of thousands in all parts of the world who have used the Liebig Co.'s Coca Beef Tonics are no doubt fully convinced of this, or our sales would not be, as they are for this year, OVER TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT. beyond our largest record.

OUR RULES.—No cheap goods. Only honest goods at honest prices. Buyers who look for cheapness only need waste no time over our productions.

## UNIMPEACHABLE TESTIMONY.

"Having been made acquainted with the mode of preparation and the composition of Coca Beef Tonic, I have ordered it for patients requiring tonic treatment. Such patients derived marked and decided benefit from it. Scientific men are becoming more and more impressed with the necessity of supplying by nutritive ingesta the wear-and-tear of civilized life, and the Coca Beef Tonic is composed of materials well suited to fulfill the necessary requirements for which it has been prepared."  
"J. M. CARNOCHAN, M.D.,  
"Prof. Surgery, N. Y. Medical College; Surgeon-in-Chief State Emigrant Hospitals, Ward's Island, N. Y.; Ex-High Officer Port of New York."

From Prof. GRANVILLE COLE, Ph.D., Fellow of the Royal Chemical Society of London, Fellow Royal Institute of Chemistry, etc., etc. (son of Sir Henry Cole, Director of Kensington Museum): "Liebig Co.'s Coca Beef Tonic speedily relieved and cured me of debility, consequent upon indigestion and malaria. Others who have used it upon my recommendation are equally emphatic in behalf of its real merits and excellence."

Invaluable to all who are Run Down, Nervous, Dyspeptic, Bilious, Malarious, or afflicted with Weak Kidneys. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

## Her Majesty's Favorite Cosmetic Glycerine

USED BY HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS OF WALES and the nobility. For the Skin, Complexion, Eruptions, Chapping, Roughness. \$1.00, of druggists.

LIEBIG CO.'S Genuine Syrup of Sarsaparilla is guaranteed as the best Sarsaparilla in the market.

N. Y. Depot, 38 Murray Street.

ONLY FOR  
Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan.

USE PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION. It is reliable.

FOR PIMPLES on the FACE, Blackheads and Fleshworms, ask your druggist for PERRY'S COMEDONE and PIMPLE REMEDY, the infallible Skin Medicine. Send for circular.

BRENT GOOD & Co., 57 Murray St., New York.

## SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S  
LITTLE  
LIVER  
PILLS.

Positively Cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. 40 in a vial. Purely Vegetable. Price 25 cents. 5 vials by mail for \$1.00. CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York. Sold by all Druggists.

NO  
MORE RHEUMATISM

GOUT, Gravel, Diabetes. Speedy relief; harmless; infallible; 4 days' cure. French Vegetable Sali-cylates—box, \$1. Books free; thousands authentic references. L. A. PARIS & Co., General Agents, 102 West 14th St., New York.

## Crosby's Vitalized Phosphites

THE BRAIN AND NERVE FOOD. Cures all Weaknesses and Nervous Derangements. Used by all Physicians. DRUGGISTS OR BY MAIL, \$1. 56 WEST TWENTY-FIFTH ST., NEW YORK.



## THE SAFEST FOOD IN SUMMER

For Young or Delicate Children.

A Sure Preventive of

## CHOLERA INFANTUM.

It has been the positive means of saving many lives where no other food would be retained. Its basis is SUGAR OF MILK, the most important element of mothers' milk.

It contains no unchanged starch and no Cane Sugar, and therefore does not cause sour stomach, irritation, or irregular bowels.

It is the Most Nourishing, the Most Palatable, the Most Economical, of all Prepared Foods.

Sold by Druggists—25 cts., 50 cts., \$1.00. Send for pamphlet giving important medical opinions on the nutrition of Infants and Invalids.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington, Vt.

## ASK FOR THE

## W. L. DOUGLAS

Best material, perfect fit, equals any \$5 or \$6 shoe, every pair warranted. Take none unless stamped "W. L. Douglas" \$3.00 Shoe, Warranted." Congress, Button and Lace. Boys ask for the W. L. Douglas' \$3.00 Shoe. Same styles as the \$5.00 shoe. If you cannot get these shoes from dealers, send address on postal card to W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.



## BOKER'S BITTERS

THE OLDEST AND BEST OF ALL

Stomach Bitters.

AND AS FINE A CORDIAL AS EVER MADE. TO BE HAD IN QUARTS AND PINTS.

L. FUNKE, JR., Sole Manuf'r and Prop'r, 78 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK.

West End Hotel  
LONG BRANCH.

COTTAGES and RESTAURANT will open June 10th; the HOTEL, June 19th.

D. M. & W. E. HILDRETH, Proprietors. NEW YORK OFFICE, 52 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

## Glenn's Sulphur Soap.

The most effective external remedy extant for the cure of Skin Diseases and for Beautifying the Complexion. Caution.—There are counterfeits.

Ask for GLENN'S (C. N. CRITTENTON on each packet). Of druggists, 25c; 3 cakes, 50c, mailed on receipt of price, and 3c. extra per cake, by C. N. CRITTENTON, Proprietor, 115 FULTON ST., New York.

EPPS'S  
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.  
COCOA

MALE and FEMALE AGENTS wanted in every part of the United States to sell our Teas, Coffees and Baking Powder. CLUB AGENTS also wanted. Get up a club, and receive for nothing a Silk Umbrella, or a pair of Nottingham or Swiss Lace Curtains, or Quadruple Silver-plated Ware, or a French China Tea and Dinner Set combined. This is no humbug. We offer \$100 to any person convicting us of deception, dishonest dealing or lying. For full particulars, and four beautiful souvenirs—sent free—address, MUTUAL MERCHANDISE CO., 24 CLIFF ST., New York.

## DRUNKENNESS or the Liquor Habit

Positively Cured In any of its stages. All desire or craving for stimulants entirely removed. Medicine can be given without knowledge of the patient, by placing it in coffee, tea, or articles of food. Cures guaranteed. Send for particulars. GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO., 185 Race Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

First Prize Medal, Vienna, 1873. C. WEIS, Manufacturer of Meerschaum Pipes, Smokers' Articles, etc., wholesale & retail. Repairing done. Circular free. 399 Broadway, N. Y. Factories, 69 Walker St., and Vienna, Austria. Sterling Silver-mounted Pipes and Bowls made up in newest designs.

## GOLDEN HAIR WASH.

This preparation, free from all objectionable qualities, will, after a few applications, turn the hair that Golden Color or Sunny Hue so universally sought after and admired. The best in the world. \$1 per bottle; six for \$5. R. T. BELLCHAMBERS, Importer of fine Human Hair Goods, 317 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

\$250 A MONTH. Agents wanted. 90 best-selling articles in the world. 1 sample free. Address J. V. BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.



**OPIUM** **HABIT.** Sure cure in 10 to 30 days. Sanitarium treatment, or medicines by express. 15 years established. Book free. **Dr. Marsh, Quincy, Mich.**





CUPID'S MESSENGER WORRIED BY THE REPORTORIAL MUSQUITO.



LOUISE, JUST SEE HOW  
PERFECTLY LUNDBORG'S  
MARÉCHAL NIEL ROSE  
RESEMBLES THE FLOWER!

**Lundborg's Perfumes**

LUNDBORG'S RHENISH COLOGNE.

EDENIA.  
MARÉCHAL NIEL ROSE.  
ALPINE VIOLET.  
LILY OF THE VALLEY.



Change in  
**EXPRESS**  
ON THE  
**ERIE.**

From MONDAY, May 17, 1886, the "ERIE EXPRESS" supersedes the "UNITED STATES EXPRESS" on and via the New York, Lake Erie and Western Railroad, branches and leased lines, including the New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio Railroad and connections throughout the West, Northwest and Southwest, affording the public SUPERIOR SERVICE between New York and

Newark, Orange, Paterson, Newburgh, Honesdale, Carbondale, Scranton, Binghamton, Owego, Waverly, Elmira, CINCINNATI, LOUISVILLE, ST. LOUIS, CHICAGO, OMAHA, ST. PAUL, etc.

THE ONLY DIRECT LINE TO ROCHESTER, N. Y.

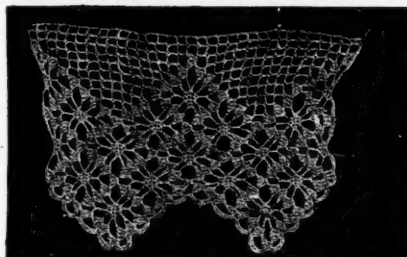
At New York and all stations on the Erie system the agents of the Erie Railway who have heretofore acted as agents of the United States Express will hereafter act as agents of the "Erie Express," to receive, forward and deliver express goods, parcels, money packages, etc.

WAGON SERVICE in New York and at all prominent points to call for and deliver express matter.

NEW YORK OFFICES:  
1 Battery Place, 957 Broadway, Chambers Street  
63 Broadway, 1,140 Broadway, Station,  
315 Broadway, 438 Greenwich, 2nd St. Station,  
401 Broadway, Street, Jersey City Sta.  
851 Broadway, 187 West Street, tion,  
Corner Newark and Hudson Sts., Hoboken,  
176 East 125th St., Harlem.

"CALL CARDS" furnished to merchants and shippers on application.

**Barbour's Flax Thread**



**LADIES**

Fond of Crochet Work may make a beautiful Lace for Curtain, or other Trimming, from

**BARBOUR'S No. 10 SHOE THREAD.**

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

**THE BARBOUR BROTHERS COMPANY,**  
NEW YORK.

**SELTERS WATER.**

From the Mineral Spring of NIEDER-SELTERS. (Bottled under supervision of the Prussian Gov't.) Recommended by the leading European medical authorities as a table water.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.  
**ANTHONY OECHE, 51 WARREN ST., New York,**  
Sole Agent for the United States.

**GENERAL GRANT.**

A magnificent Portrait of GEN. GRANT, printed on heavy paper, suitable for framing, 19 x 24.

PRICE 10 CENTS.

Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Publisher,  
53, 55 and 57 Park Place, New York.

**PEARS' SOAP**



**A SPECIALTY FOR INFANTS**

THE CELEBRATED

**SOHMER**  
PIANOS

Are at present the most  
popular, and preferred  
by leading Artists.

149 to 155 E. 14th St., N. Y.

**Arnold,  
Constable & Co.**

We are exhibiting a very fine  
assortment of Plain and Fancy  
Colored DRESS GOODS, suitable  
for Seaside or Mountains, in-  
cluding Pin Head and Fancy  
Checked and Hair Line Cheviot  
Suitings, etc.

**Broadway & 19th St.  
NEW YORK.**

**Yellowstone Park.**

Excursion Tickets via the Northern  
Pacific R. R.

Will be sold from principal points in the United  
States and Canada at greatly  
reduced rates.

Descriptive pamphlets, giving rates and full in-  
formation, mailed free on application to any agent  
of the Northern Pacific R. R., or

**CHAS. S. FEE, Gen'l Passenger Agent,**  
ST. PAUL, MINN.

**OPIUM** Morphine Habit Cured in 19  
to 20 days. No pay till cured.  
Dr. J. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio.

**COLUMBIA BICYCLES  
AND TRICYCLES.**

Catalogue Sent Free.  
**THE POPE M'F'G CO.,**  
597 Washington St., Boston.

BRANCH HOUSES:  
12 Warren St., New York;  
115 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

**RAWSON'S (Self-Adjusting) U. S. ARMY**

**SUSPENSORY BANDAGE.**  
A Perfect Fit Guaranteed—Support, Relief, Comfort.  
**AUTOMATICALLY ADJUSTABLE.**

Displacement Impossible.  
Lecture on Nervous Tension and Circular Mailed Free.  
Sold by Druggists. Sent by mail safely.  
S. E. G. RAWSON, Patentee, SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y.

**STAINED GLASS**

Cover your Windows with PATENT  
GLASS WINDOW DECORATION. Every  
disagreeable window rendered beau-  
tiful. Suitable for Houses, Churches,  
Libraries, etc. Inquire from general  
dealers, or write to head office, M'CAW,  
STEVENSON & ORR, 32 Broadway, N. Y.  
HENRY H. ROSS, Agt. Book, 300 illus-  
trations and sample, post free, 50c.

**CURE for the DEAF** by PECK'S PAT. IMPROVED  
CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS.  
Whispers heard distinctly.  
Comfortable, invisible. Illustrated book & proofs, FREE. Address:  
or call on F. HISCOX, 353 Broadway, N. Y. Name this paper.

For 50c. club we  
send FREE a Ring  
or nice Pencil or  
fine Handkerchief  
or Autograph or  
pack Cards, your  
name.

**30 Cards** The new GOLD  
FRINGE Florals  
most lovely you  
ever saw, name on, 10c. 12 new  
Golden Hidden Name, 10c. 25 plain gilt edge, 10c.  
10 grand silk-covered cards, 50c. Send 4c. for agent's  
terms and sample case.

HOLLEY CARD WORKS, Meriden, Conn.

**WATERBURY WATCH** 9  
Key. Wins a Waterbury in 20 seconds, saves  
and adds 10 hours to a year. FREE by mail for  
25c. 5 for 12c., 8 for 25c., 6 for 50c., 12 for 75c.  
J. H. W. HARRIOTT, 115 Charles St., Baltimore, Md.

**BIRCH'S KEY AND NOT**  
WILL WIND ANY WATCH WEAR OUT.  
SOLD by watchmakers. By mail, 25c. Circulars  
free. J. S. BIRCH & Co. 38 Day St., N. Y.

**RUPTURE**

Dr. WILLIAM KING, after more than 20 years  
with Dr. J. A. Sherman, and for the last 12 years  
made all his appliances, informs the ruptured that  
he now occupies Dr. Sherman's old office, where  
all can be relieved and cured by his method, at  
moderate charges, and made secure from the  
dangers of strangulated rupture. People residing  
out of town can receive treatment and return  
home the same day. Send stamp for circular.

Dr. WILLIAM KING, 251 Broadway, New York.

**Frank Leslie's Budget**

Contains humorous and sparkling stories, tales of  
heroism, adventures and satire. A most entertain-  
ing publication of 96 quarto pages, filled with in-  
teresting and most entertaining reading—a most  
delightful traveling companion. It is profusely and  
handsomely illustrated.

Published monthly, price 20 cents. Annual sub-  
scription, \$2.25, postpaid. Specimen copy, 10 cts.